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A NOVEL DOUBLE DIVORCE SUIT.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

VOLUME LV.—No. 649.
Price Ten Cents.



A FEMALE TUG-OF-WAR.

THE STUDENTS IN A PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE INDULGE IN A FIGHT OVER A CUSHION.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

I desire to call your attention to our advertisement of above department on page 14.

This department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at lowest New York market prices.

Your patronage is solicited. All orders must be accompanied by the cash to receive prompt attention.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE greatest excitement prevailed during the week in the POLICE GAZETTE office in consequence of the fact that innumerable strong men were anxious to secure the trophy offered to any one who could lift the mammoth 1,000-pound dumbbell. Crowds of herculean giants flocked around the bell from day to day, but none was able to budge it until J. W. Kennedy lifted it and carried off the palm. For strong men Mr. Kennedy takes the trophy.

GALVESTON, Tex., was the scene of another shooting matinee recently, the result of a feud between rival political factions known as the "Jaybirds" and "Woodpeckers." In June last Kyle Terry, a prominent citizen, shot and killed Ned Gibson. Ned's brother, Volney Gibson, did up Kyle Terry in the court house at the recent session. Well advised Galvestonians say that the end is not yet, and that there is every reason to believe that the "Jaybird-Woodpecker" feud promises to rival the Hatfield-McCoy unpleasantness now famous in history.

THE telephone has at last, proven itself as an alder and abettor of sweet, gentle, angelic love. Away out in Detroit, Mich., it recently made two yearning hearts happy and another decidedly weary. A New York drummer went to Detroit to visit his Sunday girl, and in order to combine business with pleasure stepped into a hardware store to boom trade. He there heard that a rival was at his girl's house. He jumped to the telephone, proposed and was accepted while the dilatory rival was wriggling and twirling his thumbs. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it doesn't dare to move even an eyelash while there is a telephone within grabbing distance.

THE double-barrelled divorce suit of Harrison versus Harrison, the particulars of which are given on another page, carries off the fat, prize-punkin for nastiness. The jury decided that both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had been guilty of fracturing a commandment, the number of which we haven't at hand just at the moment. The stories told in court will make even Emile Zola blush and sneak to a rear pew when he reads them. We tell the tale as 'twas told to judge, jury and spectators without embellishments. Indeed, rather, omitting the worst parts of it. To what extent do such things exist?

It rather looks as if it will soon become necessary for the citizens of this great and glorious country to encase themselves in armor whenever they take their walks abroad. A couple of months ago Mrs. Hanna L. Southworth bored a buttonhole through Stephen L. Pettus, in this city, because, as she alleged, he had side-tracked her affections. Mrs. Southworth was a widow. Now the news comes from Troy, N. Y., that Mrs. Minnie Warnecke, a Chicago grass widow with three children, has performed the same operation on Edwin Firth of Troy, having followed him to the latter city to do him up. She gives the same reason as did Mrs. Southworth for her act. That more or less grand old man, Benjamin F. Butler, hath said that a widow knows what she wants, and is not backward in asking for it. Without passing judgment on the subject, it appears to us that if we were a grass widow we would hang out a sign bearing the epitaph: "Keep off the grass!" and any man who trespassed would be compelled to monkey across the lawn with a bulldog attachment. This would save ever so much powder, balls and buttonholes, wouldn't it, now?

MASKS AND FACES

Musings About Managers--
Macauley of Louisville.

FACTS ABOUT FOREPAUGH.

Meech in Buffalo--Bidwell, Litt, O'Brien--
Imitators of Italians.

CIGAR AND COFFEE CHIT CHAT.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Adelaide Neilson out in Frisco, when Dave Belasco was introduced to her as stage manager of the theatre. "Gracious, you the



stage manager! Why, you're too young! You're only a boy!"

Belasco was indeed then only a boy, but he had a man's brains in a boy's head.

Most of our energetic and successful managers are comparatively young men.

They still sport the diamonds which they wore as advance men and treasurers, and keep the perfumed notes they got from the girls.

Bidwell of New Orleans, just deceased, was a man of the old school, conservative in theory and broad gauge in physique.

He belonged to the school of Colville and Duff.

Charley Bishop once had a hold of a piece owned by Charley Hoyt and Louis Aldrich, and, after trying it for a time, failed. He had to give the proprietors a handsome sum of money, and he got nothing but a lot of flattering newspaper notices for himself.

Bishop told Bidwell about the venture.

"You might have expected as much," said Bidwell. "You had business dealings with a Jew and a Yankee combined. You might, perhaps, have beaten the Jew, but I'll be damned if there was any hope of your getting ahead of the Yankee!"

Two of the most popular theatrical managers in the country are the Meech Brothers in Buffalo.

They run the Academy of Music and the Star Theatre there.

Meech tells this story as told him by Louis James:

"During the palmy days of stock companies, while Shakespeare's 'Richard the Third' was being played by a company including Louis James, a very amusing incident occurred which shows that 'supes' should not imagine they were stars. During the battle scene, one of this class is supposed to come on the stage and say to the redoubtable Richard: 'My lord, the Duke of Buckingham has been taken.' To which Richard replies: 'Off with his head.' On this night, however, the 'supes' growing ambitious, said: 'My lord, the Duke of Buckingham has been taken, and we have cut off his head.' James was taken by surprise, but he recovered himself quickly, and, striding up to the offender, said: 'Well done, my good and faithful servant, and here is your reward.' And he seized the offending 'supes' and implanted a kick--well, not exactly on the back, but 'near it'--which sent him into the sixth row of the parquette. James came very near breaking his headful of Mr. Delmonico's best silver spoons.

This reminds me of the prevalence on our stage of imitators of Italian dialect.

There is Harrigan, who is not over happy in the way he catches the dago accent.

There is Jeff De Angelis, who is good.

There is Bernard Dyllin, who is fair.

There is Jennie Yeamans, who simply apes Harrigan.

There is Jim Leonard, who imitates Italian with a bad brogue.

The best mimic of the dialect of Boccaccio, Tamagno, Patti and Del Puente is, I think, Burt Haverly, who is now with Frank Daniels. He has caught the real banana, macaroni, spaghetti flavor of Italian-English that you hear in Bleecker and Wooster streets in a restaurant or a bar frequented by Italians.

Nor must I forget to mention the really fine Italian-English brogue of Eddie Foy.

If you want to have a good laugh get Foy to tell you the story of the Italian who describes another Italian's fight with Sullivan, and how and why the Italian was licked.

But I've rambled from my subject.

Let's go back to our managers.

Macauley, of Louisville, has the theatre of the town.

A genial, hearty fellow is Macauley, with two of the prettiest little daughters you can see anywhere.

It was Dickens, I believe, who said Louisville had the prettiest women in America.

If the novelist had seen the manager's children he would have been confirmed in his view.

Macauley has a private room which he calls "The Log Cabin," a nook half for business, half for pleasure. Henry Watterson, discoverer of Mary Anderson; Louis Dinkelspiel, bright society editor; men-about-town, men interested in theatricals here drop in for a quiet hand. A picture of Gus Heckler, among others smiles down upon you from the wall.

Macauley recently told the following yarn.

I believe it was originally told by Ben Stern.

"Andy McKaye was managing 'The Seven Ravens' when they got stranded in Chicago. He didn't lose his appetite over the event, however, and he sat in a restaurant eating one night when Wainratta, the rope walker, who was one of the company, came in in great distress and asked McKaye how on earth he was to get back to New York. It was the first time he was ever stuck in this way and he couldn't stay in Chicago and starve.

"Well, there's nothing to keep you from going back to New York," said McKaye; "the company's broken up and the way is open."

"But, great heavens, I haven't a cent!"

"Now, look here," said McKaye; "aren't you the greatest wire walker in America?"

"Of course," Wainratta said.

"Well, there are wires all the way from here to New York. I'd advise you, by the way, to travel at night; the telegraph company charges only half rates then."

Greenwald of Galveston, Texas, and Tannenbaum of Mobile, Ala., are managers who look on actors and actresses as they would on suspenders, garters, cravats or other useful merchandise.

They tell a good story on Tannenbaum, thought it may not be more true than half those told on John Stetson.

When Marie Wainwright played "Twelfth Night" in Mobile, an actor challenged the manager's opinion of it.

"Vell," said Jake, "it's very fine; but it plays too long. It should be cut. Vot's the matter mit cutting out that Malvalio fellow's letter?"

"But, my dear Mr. Tannenbaum, the whole plot of the play hinges on that letter!" said the actor, aghast.

"Vell, what if it does?" rejoined Jake, "you could at least cut out the bostercript!"

One of the most unpopular managers with agents and actors is Wilt, of the Grand Opera House, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is said to be a kicker and a bluff.

"If you'll find a single man in the city of Pittsburgh," said that brilliant journalist Welshons to Mrs. Hoyt at dinner one day, "if you'll find me a single man in town who likes Wilt I'll eat him!"

Shea, of Minneapolis, and Dugee, of Atlanta, are also said to be managers hard to please.

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Frank O'Brien, of Birmingham, Ala. is rich, independent and outspoken. He is quick to anger and quick to treat to drinks, quick to pull out his revolver and quick to grasp your hand.

O'Brien tells a few yarns about Forepaugh, the great showman, who has just closed up his earthly accounts in Philadelphia.

Adam Forepaugh started in life by being a butcher. He always had a genuine fondness for horses and dogs; like Uncle John Robinson he invested most of his money in real estate.

"Forepaugh never seemed to care whether he had a crowd or not; in fact, he rather liked to have an occasional spell of bad business.

When the show was crowded and he was kept busy he used to get cranky, but when business was dull he used to spend his time in playing jokes on members of the troupe.

Every one about the show was afraid of him though, for no one knew when his cranky spells were coming on. Even Adam, Jr., whom the governor thought so much of and put such great confidence in, had to walk up to him. But young Adam got the best of his father once in a while, and then the old man would wink and remark: 'What a bright fellow is that boy of mine.'

"Three or four years ago young Adam was over in

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London. He had spent about \$10,000 and didn't dare ask for any more money. So he wired over to the governor that he had a great chance to get some new attractions for the show. He said he could get two monkeys that were larger than horses for \$5,000. The governor congratulated himself on having such a smart boy, and cabled him the money. He was telling every one about the new attractions, and if any one doubted the reality of the alleged big monkeys he would answer angrily. 'Pshaw! What do you know about the interior of Africa? Of course they have monkeys there as big as horses!' Next day came a cablegram saying: 'Money received; monkeys dead; much obliged, pap.' The governor never could stand a joke about monkeys after that.

"One day about two years ago we had a collision down here in Illinois a little way. Three or four cars were smashed. We were all pretty well shaken up and a couple of horses and one little pup were killed. The old man piled out of his car as fast as he could to look over the wreck and see how much damage had been done. He gazed carelessly at the wrecked cars and dead horses, but tears came to his eyes when he saw that puppy was killed. 'I can get all the cars and horses I want,' he said, 'but that was the finest pup I ever owned.'"

"What splendidly developed legs all the actors in this company have!" exclaimed Miss Titter to Miss Curio at the matinee.

"Yes," demurely answered Miss Curio, munching her bonbons. "It's due to the great muscular efforts they're in the habit of making. Why, Mr. De Clare, the leading man, told me only yesterday that the company jumped all the way from Frisco to Los Angeles last week!"

Conversation between Peg and Dolly in the drawing-room car:

"O see here, Peg, in this paper it says that Lillian Russell wears stockings higher than any other woman, and most girls would like to know where they come from."

"And the fellows," roguishly put in Dolly, "the fellows, I'll bet, would like to know where they go to!"

LEW ROSEN.

JIM STARR PLUNKED.

[WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATION.]

Jim Starr, the noted horse thief and husband of the once famous female bandit Bella Starr, who was killed about a year ago, was recently shot and mortally wounded near Ardmore, I. T., by a United States deputy marshal, who attempted to arrest Starr for horse stealing. He was taken to a hospital, and soon after died. We publish an excellent portrait of the noted ex desperado on another page.

It might be remarked in connection with the Bella Starr case that the Richard K. Fox Publishing House recently issued a book giving the famous female desperado's biography and the story of her numerous escapades; also that of Jim, who was otherwise known as "Jim July." It can be had for 25 cents on personal application at this office or by mail.

MAMMA OBJECTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Crowell and Miss McMillan of Helena, Mont., have for some time past been "allie blookee up" on each other. Each is about fifteen years of age. A few days ago the girl disappeared, and Mrs. McMillan sent for young Crowell. On his arrival he was invited into the parlor by Mrs. McMillan, who locked the door and then proceeded to give Crowell a sound whipping. She then retired, leaving the boy locked in the room, where he was kept nearly a week. Officers found the girl stopping with a lady friend, and Crowell was released. He denies having anything to do with the girl's disappearance.

MASHED WITH A CUSPIDOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The well-known resort known as the "Rolling Pin Roost," in Hagerstown, Md., was the scene of a very lively slugging match recently. The madame of the house in which the scene occurred and a prominent merchant were the parties interested. The man, who is married, visited the "Roost" and became engaged in a quarrel with the madame, who picked up a large china cuspidor and struck him over the head, inflicting a deep gash. His wife says she is glad of it, and that he deserved all he got.

A FATAL COASTING ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jacob Saunders, aged nine years; Willie Dones, aged thirteen years, and his brother Charlie, aged seven years, were coasting down hill from the Lakeview Hotel, in Hancock, Mich., to the railroad track, recently, when they ran under a fast moving train. Saunders was killed instantly. Willie Dones received fatal injuries, while his younger brother escaped without a scratch. It was necessary to raise the car with jackscrews to get the boys out.

HE CAN SWING CLUBS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the portrait of James F. Haley, a noted club swinger and bar performer. Haley also has a reputation as a clog and jig dancer. At present he is traveling with Sparks Brothers' Combination under the name of J. F. Burke.

A DASHING SPRINTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James C. Lewis, of New Brunswick, N. J., is one of the best runners in that section. He is a member of the New Brunswick Athletic Club. Lewis believes in 'to the swift belongs the race.' His portrait appears in this issue.

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REALLY ROMANTIC.

How the Wicked World
Wagged During the
Week.

TRUTH DOWNS FICTION.

Exciting Scenes Throughout
This Big Union,

WHERE LOVE DWELLETH NOT.

The Tale of a Deadwood, South
Dakota, Belle.

AND OTHER TRUTHFUL STORIES.

This week I have several more or less romantic tales to tell and I flatter myself that they are interesting in the extreme. There is no doubt in the world but that the good readers (and they are all good readers) of the POLICE GAZETTE will confirm this assertion after having perused the following stories of the week's doings:

AN INDIANA ELOPEMENT.

Miss Emma Morningstar was until extremely recently one of the belles of a suburb near Mooresville, Ind. She then became an evening-star and skipped by the light of her own bright rays and raised merry thunder and lightning in the place of her nativity. The reason her skipping caused such turmoil, trouble and confusion was because she did not go alone, but was accompanied by Charles Espey, her father's young and handsome horse-trainer.

Peter Morningstar is a well-to-do and highly respected farmer of the locality mentioned, and his pretty daughter was popular among society people. She was courted by all the gallants of the place, but she said them all "Nay." It was not imagined, however, that she had any affection for the well-built trainer, and their love for each other remained a secret until the



MR. AND MRS. ESPEY REPULSED.

evening in question, when the twain departed for Mooresville and there were secretly married.

Trusting that they would be forgiven by the old gentleman, they returned to their former home, but papa was obdurate and would not permit his newly acquired son-in-law to enter the house.

The escapade is the principal topic of comment in the neighborhood, and it is hoped that in the interest of all parties concerned Mr. Morningstar will take the temporarily unhappy couple to his heart and hearth, and make them permanently joyous.

A SAN FRANCISCO SENSATION.

During the week just elapsed the busy town of San Francisco was startled from centre to circumference by the announcement of a tragedy in the most prominent circles of the place. Louis L. Bromwell, president of the California Insurance Company, was shot and seriously wounded by G. C. Pratt, the general agent of the same concern.

The shooting is all the more deplorable because of the fact that a hitherto highly respected woman, the wife of Mr. Pratt, is closely connected with it.

Mr. Pratt, in explanation of the act, said that he had recently been sent to Japan by Bromwell, and upon returning he received from his wife a confession that she had been intimate with Bromwell.

After obtaining, as alleged, evidence confirming this, Pratt went to Bromwell's office, charged him with the crime and shot him. Both men are widely known in business and social circles. Pratt was married twenty years ago and went to San Francisco from Chicago several years ago. He has two sons. Bromwell is married and has a family. Bromwell declines to make any statement. Pratt said the reason for the shooting grew out of the fact that his wife by reason of her betrayal had become insane because of her misery.

A DEADWOOD, S. D., BELLE.

A charming story, checkful of romance as well as of reality, comes over the line from Deadwood, South Dakota, and it is truly a wonderful tale.

The subject of the story is a pretty and dashing girl,

charming in the extreme, who has just entered into the twentieth year of her existence. Her name is Margaret, better known as "Maggie" Sanford, the belle of Deadwood. Who her mother was none seems to know, but it is related that her father arrived in the mining town about a dozen years ago, almost starved and

suitable quarters near the corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets, and was awaiting the coming of her husband.

About 11 o'clock that night she was lying on the bed reading, when a knock came to the door. She opened it, and the landlady entered, accompanied by a man.



THE PRATT-BROMWELL TRAGEDY.

ragged and naked. He had a little girl with him, and the two had walked from Nevada.

Shortly after their arrival the old man was found in front of his cabin in the drifting snow, which had closed the door so that the poor old fellow could not enter. Little Maggie was within the cabin asleep, and the kind-hearted miners rescued her and appointed themselves her guardian. Maggie was romantic in her nature, and as she grew older she did considerable tramping around the country in the neighborhood of the camp. In her wanderings the waif made many valuable discoveries of ore.

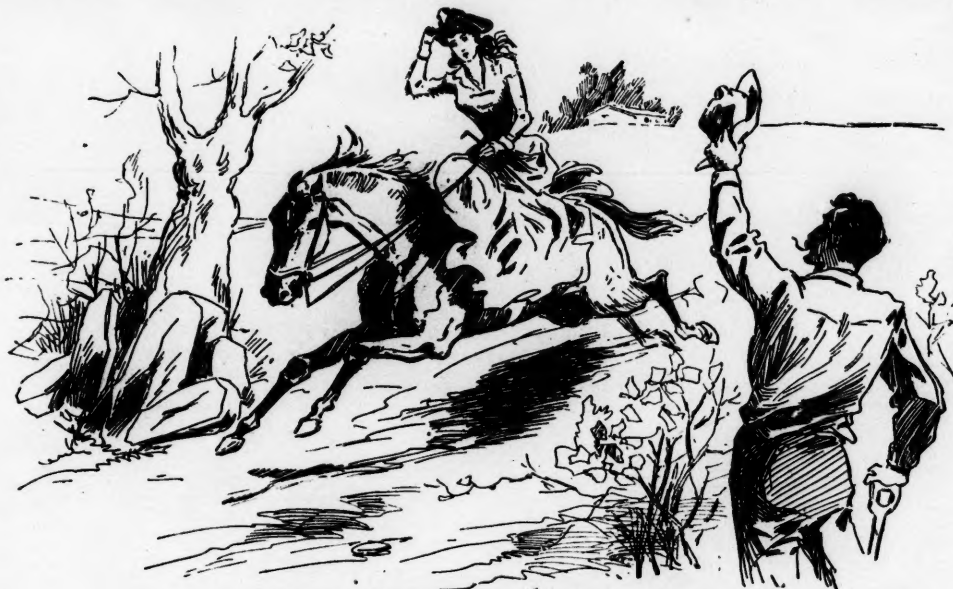
She learned to use the rifle and revolver, and became

Not realizing the object of their visit, she closed the door and invited the landlady and her companion to be seated.

"O, no, thanks; I can't stay," said the landlady, "but here is a gentleman friend of mine that I want you to entertain to-night."

These words almost staggered the poor little woman, and to be sure that she was right in her suspicions, she asked the landlady what she meant.

Then followed an exciting scene. The landlady put her meaning into plainer language, and Mrs. Westemeier began to scream with fright. Both the landlady and her male visitor seized the terror-stricken woman



MAGGIE SANFORD, THE DEADWOOD BELLE.

one of the crack shots of the camp. With two exceptions, she was never molested, and there was a funeral after each of these attacks.

A year ago she struck an ore bed richer than most of those in that vicinity and had led the miners to the spot. This time they made a voluntary contract to give her one-fourth of the yield. They kept their word and she is now a rich girl. She is tall, slender and good looking, and wears long golden hair streaming down her back. On horseback she is a perfect backwoods picture, with her short skirt, buckskin leggings, brown shoes and wide-brimmed hat.

A STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Annie Westemeier, a prepossessing young married woman, of Ste. Genevieve, Mo., had an exciting

and endeavored to quiet her. She scuffled fiercely, and finally managed to break away from them and run screaming into the street. When about ten feet from Chestnut, on Eleventh street, she fell in a faint to the sidewalk. It is not known how long she remained in this state, but it was here that a gentleman passing by about 12:30 o'clock found her. He shook her for some time before she showed signs of life, and when she opened her eyes her first remark was that she wanted to go to her husband.

"Where is your husband?" asked the good Samaritan.

Mrs. Westemeier told her story, but was unable to exactly locate her husband. She was finally conducted to a station house, and in due course of time the almost distracted husband and wife were brought together, when a tearful scene ensued. The happy young



YOUNG MRS. WESTEMEIER'S EXPERIENCE.

experience in St. Louis recently, and it came near terminating in her ruin. The young woman had been recently married in her native town, but her husband's father made things unpleasant for them and they determined to seek their fortunes in the big western city. Upon their arrival young Westemeier obtained a position as shipping clerk and sent his wife out to obtain cosy little rooms for them, while he secured a room in a hotel temporarily. The young wife found

couple from the little Missouri town have determined never again to part with each other.

A FRISKY DECATUR, ILL., COUPLE.

There was a large and hilarious time near Decatur, Ill., one day recently, when Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Braden, who had been married for fifty years, celebrated their golden wedding in the presence of 150 guests. The united ages of the happy old couple reaches the demitition total 145 years, and they are still frisky, as was proven by the innovation they treated their friends to.

There was quite a number of young people invited to the festivities, and as they entered through the gate

Mr. Braden took charge of the girls and hugged and kissed them, while Mrs. Braden attended to the fellows, and gave old and young alike a hearty smack and a squeeze, which was evident that she had not forgotten her green and salad days.

A great, big, fat dinner was served up to the friends of the family after the reception, and the jolly time was kept up until the roosters, that had been wound up to announce the break of day, had performed their functions.

A CAMDEN, N. Y., CITIZEN HUNGRY FOR A WIFE.

In Camden, about twelve miles or so from Rome (not Italy, but N. Y.) resides, or rather resided, a gentleman, Charles Blanchard by name, and the Sun tells this story about Charles. It relates how he recently eloped with a widow and her six children named McGillis. John Burton of Camden and Mrs. McGillis had been living together for some years. Until recently they have been on the best of terms. Burton was the father of children by a former wife. She procured a divorce from him for principal cause, and Burton met the Widow McGillis. She was then the mother of four children by a deceased husband. They determined to marry, but an obstacle stood in their way. Burton was divorced and barred from marrying again. Then they concluded to live together again anyway. They were residents of Camden for many years, and Mrs. McGillis became the mother of two children by Burton. Then she met Charles Blanchard, and his smile broke the charm which Burton's presence had so long thrown around her. Being only 33 years of age and good looking, she soon won her way into Blanch-



THE BRADENS' GOLDEN WEDDING.

ard's heart, husband and father though he was, and the result is that his love for Mrs. McGillis was so strong that he fled with her and her children. Blanchard is a stone mason by trade. His deserted wife lives in St. Lawrence county with her children. She is much prostrated by her husband's action. Burton does not seem to care about Mrs. McGillis's departure, but he objects to her taking the children of which he is the putative father. He cannot imagine how Blanchard could get away so quietly with all the children



CHARLES BLANCHARD'S LARGE ELOPEMENT.

without discovery. It is said that the elopers have gone to Canada.

So be it!

TOMMY RATS.

A CHAMPION SKATER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, was the winner in the National Amateur Skating Association competitions at Courtlandt Lake, N. Y., in 1888, of the figure skating championship of America. His leading opponent was Mr. G. D. Phillips. Mr. Rubenstein obtained 12 firsts out of 23 numbers, the total score being as follows:

Figure skating—L. Rubenstein, Montreal, P. Q., 72 points; G. D. Phillips, N. Y. A. C., 70 points; J. F. Bacon, Somerville, Mass., 51 points; P. P. Good, Brooklyn, L. I., 27 points.

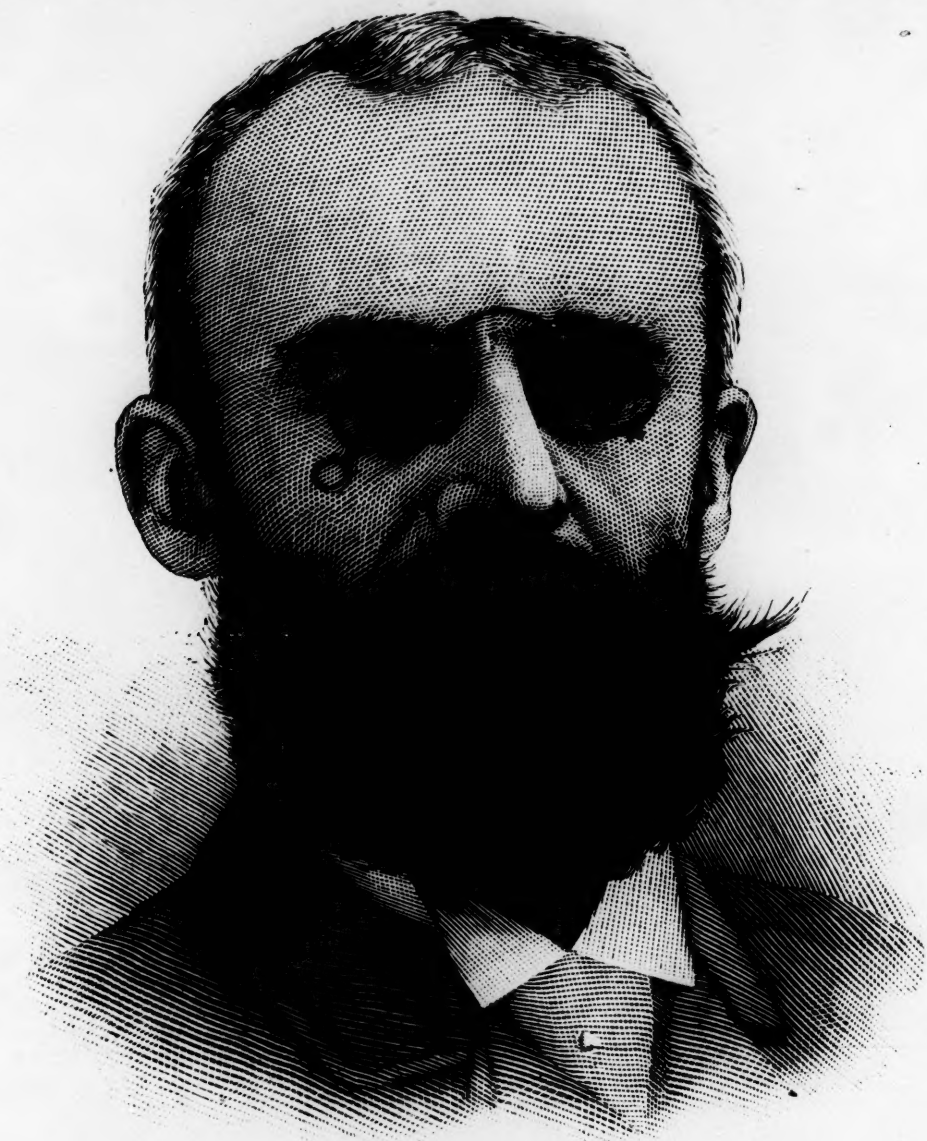
Rubenstein surpassed Phillips in the following figures: Specialties, original and peculiar movements; loops and ringlets, inside and outside; single flat foot spins and double whirles; toe and heel movements, curvilinear angles, threes, etc.; cross roll backward; cross roll forward, figure eight, one foot, backward; figure eight, one foot, forward; inside edge roll, backward and forward. Phillips was his superior in plain forward and backward skating, in lapfoot, outside edge roll forward, change of edge roll, forward and backward, "On to Richmond," locomotives and waltz steps, spread eagles, and serpentine and changes of edges. We present his photograph in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

An Elegant Gold Stop Watch, sweep second, each second split into fifths, for timing horse races, etc., only \$15.00. Send for circular.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



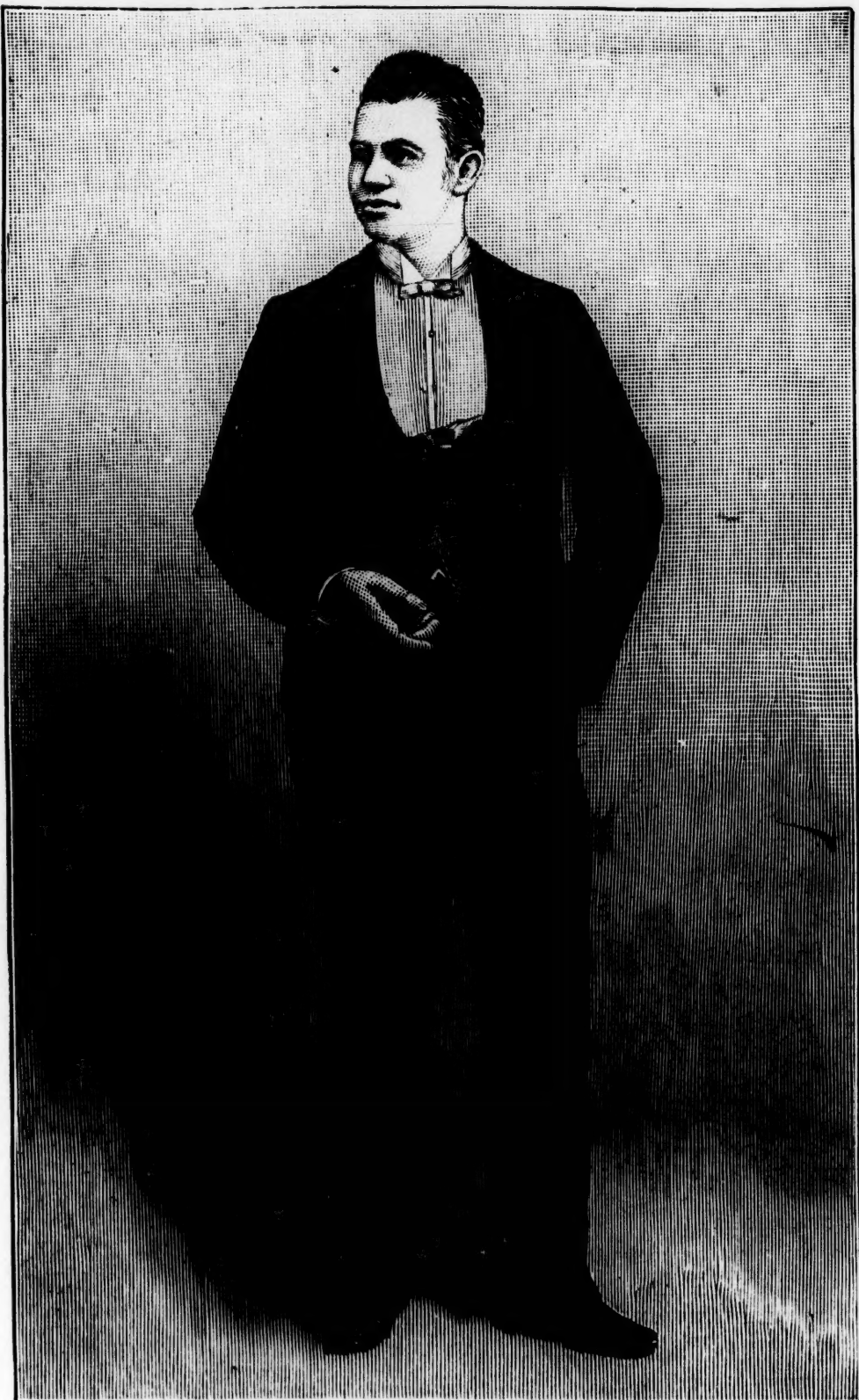
AN ERUDITE JOURNALIST.

COL. CHARLES H. TAYLOR, THE HANDSOME AND WORLD-NOTED EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE."



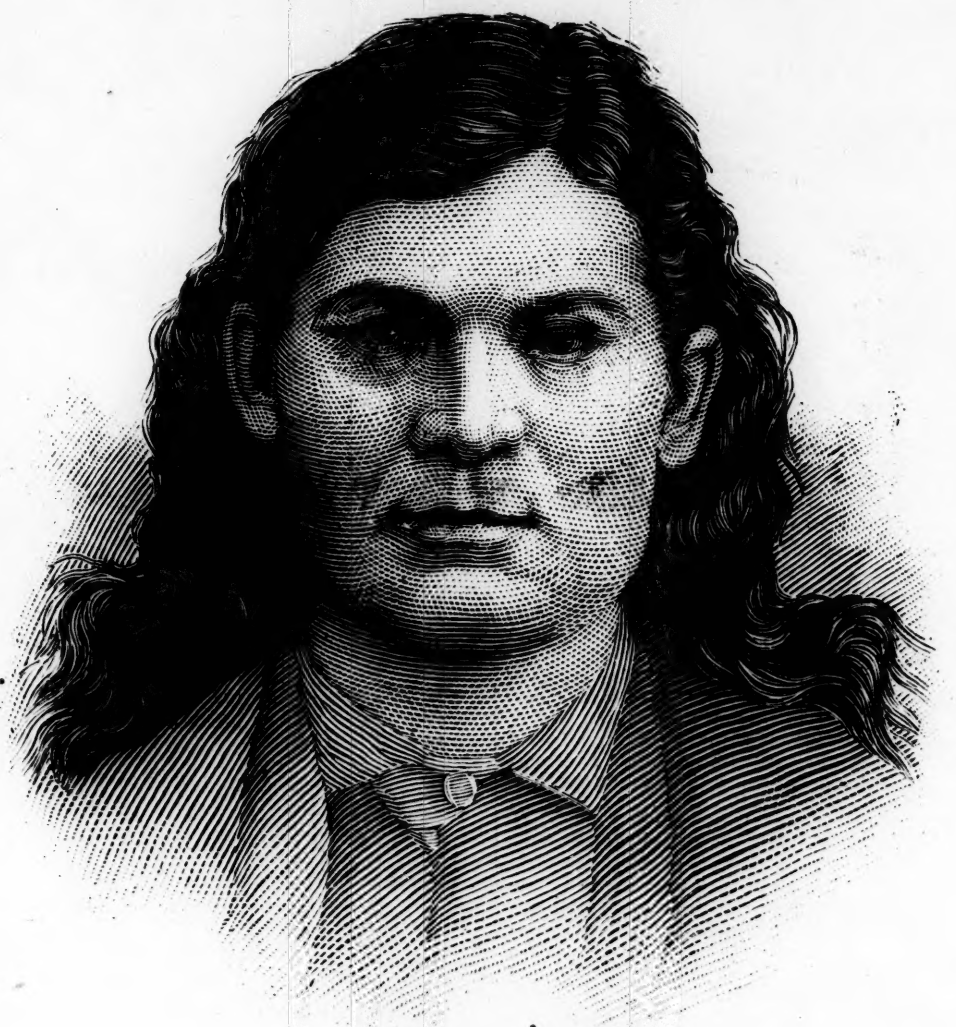
PRETTY KATIE BARRI,

THE DAINY LITTLE MAIDEN WHO SO FAVORABLY IMPRESSES THE PUBLIC IN "FAUST UP TO DATE," NOW ON THE ROAD.



A POPULAR DRINK-MIXER.

HERMAN RAUD, THE LIGHTNING COCKTAIL DISPENSER OF HILLEN'S SALOON, NEW YORK CITY, WHO IS IN THE FIRST CLASS.



A SHOOTING STARR.

THE WESTERN ASTEROID, "JIM" STARR, ALIAS "JIM JULY," WHO RECENTLY GOT LOADED WITH LEAD AND DIED.



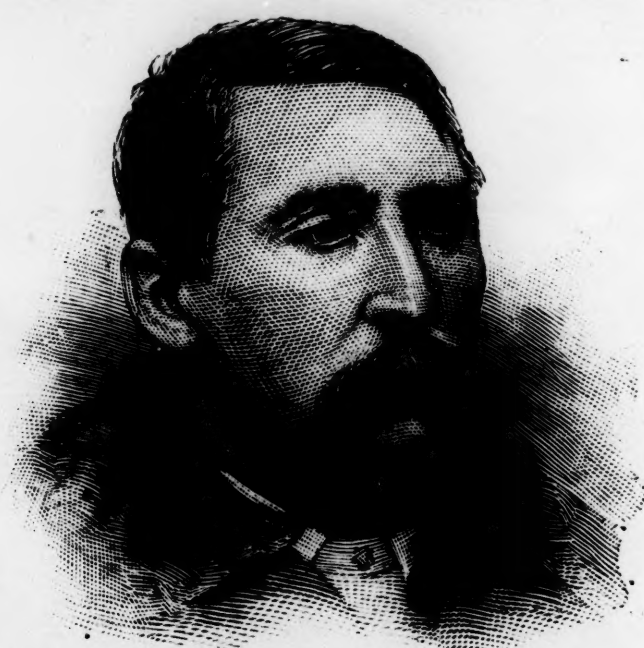
BASEBALLIST GEORGE P. SANFORD.

A RISING YOUNG PLAYER OF WATKINS, N. Y., WHO DID GOOD WORK ON THE DIAMOND LAST SEASON.



A CHAMPION SKATER.

LOUIS RUBENSTEIN, OF MONTREAL, WHO HAS A HABIT OF DOWNING OTHER CONTESTANTS ON THE STEEL RUNNERS.



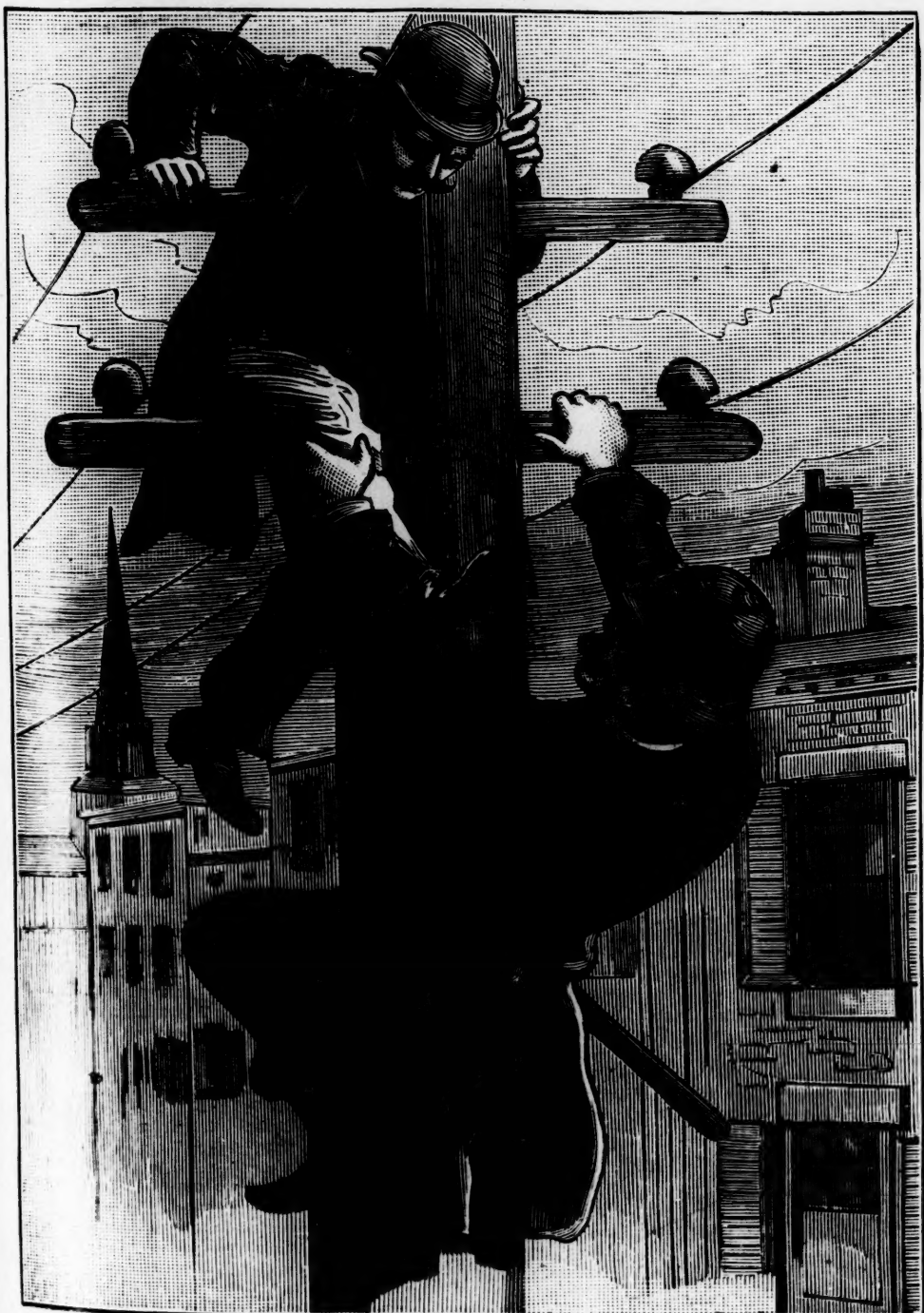
A BRAVE U. S. MARSHAL.

J. M. BENNETT, OF WEEDSPORT, N. Y., WHO HAS MADE MANY BRILLIANT ARRESTS DURING HIS TERM OF SERVICE.



ENGAGED BY TELEPHONE.

A NEW YORK DRUMMER EUCHRES AN ANN ARBOR PROFESSOR AND WINS A DETROIT BELLE, WHILE THE PROFESSOR HESITATES.



MOUNT MOUNTED THE POLE.

HOW A CINCINNATI OFFICER OF THAT NAME SHINNED UP TO THE WIRES TO CAPTURE AN UNBULY LINEMAN AND SUCCEEDED.



MAMMA OBJECTED.

MRS. MARY M'MILLAN OF HELENA, MONT., SEVERELY COWHIDES FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GEORGE CROWELL FOR LOVING HER DAUGHTER.

BOTH WERE GUILTY.

That's What the Jury
Determined in the
Harrison Suit.

COUNTER CLAIMS FOR DIVORCE.

Frank and Nellie Harrison of Brook-
lyn Still Hitched.

AWFULLY NAUGHTY STORIES.

The Harrison case, recently settled or, more properly speaking, unsettled in the New York Supreme Court, shows up a state of things highly enlightening and interesting in the extreme.

The suit for divorce, or rather suits for divorce, for counter-claims had been made by Frank Harrison against his wife Nellie de Gez Harrison, and vice versa, each charging infidelity on the part of the other. The suit of Mrs. Harrison against her husband was tried during the week.

Frank Harrison, better known as "Commodore" or



MRS. NELLIE HARRISON.

Capt. Harrison, is well known in Brooklyn, and his wife, up to the time proceedings were instituted in May last, was one of the leaders in the social circles of the City of Churches, her home at No. 556 Madison street being the scene of many gay and fashionable gatherings. She is one of three daughters of Mrs. Elizabeth de Gez, of Convent avenue, New York. One sister was the defendant in a divorce suit three years ago, when her husband, Edward Bergen, a son of the late Surrogate of Kings County, Jacob I. Bergen, received his decree, the co-respondent being Henry J. Meyer, who was in the bonded warehouse business at the time and resided on Convent avenue, near her mother's house. Capt. Harrison is the grandson of David Harrison, a lawyer who was well known in his



DID THE BUTCHER PLAY IN LUCK.

day on both sides of the river. When David Harrison died, in 1878, his wife was made his sole legatee, and when her life closed in 1879, the estate was placed in the hands of trustees and an annuity of \$2,500 guaranteed to Capt. Harrison. Before he began the suit against his wife he was in the real estate business, and a member of the New Rochelle Yacht Club and similar organizations, and also of the Thirteenth Regiment, of Brooklyn, and the co-respondent is one of his club associates, John R. Hatch, the owner of the fast yacht *Far Niente*. He has been a member of the firm of Hatch, Brooks & Hamlin, of New York, and his father is the President of the Hussey Heater Company, New York, and with him "Jack" Hatch, as he is favorably known, resides.

Mrs. Harrison is an auburn-haired, blue-eyed, trim-built, gushable, girlish, handsome woman. Mr. Harrison would never be arrested for his good looks. Mrs. Harrison names as co-respondent Miss Louise Foreman, a delicate young woman, who confessed on the stand to being the mother of three children, of whom Capt. Harrison was the father. The defendant, on the other hand, denying Miss Foreman's assertion, named, in addition to Hatch, Charles E. Walling, Covert D. Bennett and Julius Kirsche, the latter a New Rochelle butcher.

The first witness for Mrs. Harrison was Miss Foreman, who, in a broken and trembling voice, told a sad

story of shame. She met Mr. Harrison in 1880, and he called at her home three or four times a week. Pretty Miss Foreman maintained that Harrison had seduced her under promise of marriage, and said:

"Frank Harrison was the father of my child, born Oct. 31, 1880. I did not see Harrison for six months after that. I avoided him. When my baby died he came to the funeral and drove out in the carriage to



GARDENER WALSH'S ALLEGED VISION.

Evergreen Cemetery. A second child was born on June 12, 1882. It is still living and is called Frank Harrison. A baby girl named Susan Harrison, that was born on March 10, 1884, has since died."

John W. Foreman, a conductor on the Kings County Elevated and a brother of Miss Louise, was the next witness. He said that Frank Harrison passed as a single man and was regarded as Louise's future husband. When Harrison was confronted with the paternity of the child he denied it, but afterwards on his knees admitted it and begged forgiveness of Miss Foreman.

The plaintiff then rested, and the defense called John Walsh, a former gardener for the Harrisons. John testified that one evening Mr. Harrison started on a yachting cruise, leaving his wife at home. On Walsh's return to the Island late that night, after a convivial evening spent with friends at New Rochelle, he saw in Mrs. Harrison's room two figures, which he recognized as Mr. John Hatch and Mrs. Harrison. There was a lamp in the room, which threw the two figures out as silhouettes. They had their arms around each other. Mrs. Harrison had sent him, the witness said, with letters to post several times, all of which were addressed to Hatch.



HATCHING PLEASURE PLANS.

Edward J. Bergen the Administration Clerk of the Surrogate's Court of Kings County, began his testimony by stating that he resided at the St. George Hotel and that he had been married to Mrs. Harrison's sister on March 25, 1879. The Harrisons were married about the same year. Every summer the two families would spend together at Harrison's Island. He saw Mr. Hatch on the island on several occasions when Harrison was absent. Mr. Bergen had been separated from his wife and when he began to hear the good name of his sister-in-law bandied about among the New Rochelle boatmen he spoke to her and remonstrated with her on her conduct. Then the witness continued:

"I said to her, 'See here, Nellie, I don't like this man coming here so much. He's a married man, and if anything comes of it you would not be in the same position as Jennie, your sister, whose trouble was with



BARTHOLOMEW WORKS THE "DEAD EYE."

a single man." Mrs. Harrison confessed that she was fond of Hatch and even infatuated with him, but she promised that she would be more guarded in her conduct. Mr. Bergen stated further that he had never seen anything improper in the conduct of Hatch or Mrs. Harrison, except that they sat on the rocks together and in the hammock at twilight.

An Elegant Nickel-plated File. Will hold 13 copies. All sizes. Mailed to any address for 35 cents. In ordering give size of the paper. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Mrs. Della Walsh, a servant of the Harrison household, gave some amusing testimony as to certain articles of ornament, such as hairpins and bonnets which Mrs. Harrison treasured because Hatch liked them, and certain other bits she gave away because he did not admire them. Mrs. Walsh had seen Hatch once in Mrs. Harrison's room.

Frank Bartholomew, a boat-repairer, testified that one bright summer day in 1887 he was repairing the *Far Niente*, Mr. Harrison's yacht, when Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Harrison came aboard. After looking at him working some time Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Harrison went down into the cabin. Bartholomew peeped through the porthole, but could not positively swear that he saw anything naughty.

Julius Kirsche, a butcher at New Rochelle, one of the co-respondents, stated that he met the plaintiff in 1882, when she became a customer at his shop. One evening she proposed to meet him and take a walk. Kirsche answered: "If you will get a lady friend I will bring my gentleman friend and we will have a nice walk." Mrs. Harrison brought Miss de Gez, and the four spent three hours strolling around Hudson Park, and in the evening returned and had another moonlight ramble. Mr. Kirsche did not know at the time that his fair companion was Mrs. Harrison. On a subsequent occasion she took another walk with him and they went to Harrison's Island. There she revealed herself as "Mrs. Hatch." The butcher denied emphatically that there had been on any occasion the least familiarity or the slightest approach at intimacy between himself and Mrs. Harrison.



WERE THE BUTCHER AND MRS. HARRISON GIDDY?

Frederic W. Rebhann, of Barnum & Rebhann, lawyers, testified that Captain Harrison was jealous of his wife and suspicious of Mr. Hatch. Certain letters to Hatch, which, it is said, Harrison condoned, were produced, one of which Mrs. Harrison signed, "Your own loving wife, Nellie."

Mr. John E. Hatch took the stand, and denied that there had been anything improper between himself and Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison was called as the last witness, but was not permitted to testify. After eloquent addresses by counsel, Judge Lawrence delivered a short and vigorous charge.

The jury brought in a compromise verdict, according to questions: Was Frank Harrison guilty of improper conduct with Louise Foreman in January, 1880? Yes. Were Mrs. Harrison and John Hatch guilty in the same respect at various places? Yes. The jury exonerated Mrs. Harrison so far as Butcher Kirsche was concerned. Mr. Chittenden moved for a new trial, which was denied. The case consequently remains in *status quo*.

ENGAGED BY TELEPHONE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Through the aid of a telephone one and one were made one in Detroit, Mich., recently. A professor in the State University at Ann Arbor and a young drummer for a New York wholesale hardware house have for some time past been rivals for the hand of a Detroit belle. The salesman struck the city a few days ago, and went to a Woodward avenue merchant to sell some goods, intending to call upon his beloved one during the evening. While in the store the little brother of the much loved young lady appeared at the store and notified the young salesman that the professor was at the house. The drummer could not leave the store, and yet if he waited the professor would capture the prize. Asking permission of the storekeeper to use his telephone he "called up" the young lady. When the telephone rang the professor had just plucked up courage and was about to propose, when the young lady excused herself to answer the telephone. After a few moments' talk over the wire, the young lady said "Yes," and returned to the professor, who then began to pour his tale of love into the girl's ears, when she notified him she had just accepted the drummer over the telephone. Later the professor was seen shaking his fist at a telephone box as he emerged from the door.

SHE NEARLY MURDERED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A shooting affray occurred in Troy, N. Y., recently which is somewhat similar to the famous Southworth-Pettus tragedy in this city some months ago.

The victim was Edwin Firth, a well-known inventor of Troy, where he has a family and is very popular. The woman who did the shooting is known as Mrs. Minnie Warnecke. She arrived in Troy from Chicago a week or two ago and visited several lawyers to whom she said she was soon to become a mother, and that Firth was the cause of her trouble, having induced her to get a divorce from her husband, promising to marry her. She wanted to sue him for \$100,000 damages. The lawyers did not believe that there was anything in the case for them and refused to have anything to do with it, but advised her to see the Superintendent of Police, who suggested that she procure a criminal warrant against Firth. She declined to do this.

On the morning of the shooting Mrs. Warnecke wrote Firth a letter asking him to meet her on Congress street. Firth, while on his way to the depot, was met by the woman, who suddenly drew a revolver and fired at Firth's head. The ball entered the right side of the neck, grazing the spinal cord, fracturing the base of the skull slightly, and lodged in the muscles of the right side. The shooting occurred in front of Drs.

Ferguson's and Finder's residence, where he was found clinging to the railing. The wounded man was carried into the doctors' office, where the bullet was extracted. The doctors reported that Firth was dangerously wounded, but that, with proper care, he ought to recover.

After shooting Firth Mrs. Warnecke deliberately placed the revolver in her ulster pocket and was hurrying away, followed by a crowd of hooting boys and men, when she was captured.

A FEMALE TUG-OF-WAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dispute arose over the ownership of a plush cushion among the students in the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, Pa., recently. The cushion belonged to the junior class, but the senior class wanted it. In an instant there was a regular tug-of-war. The members of each class came to the assistance of their comrades. Each division held on to the cushion, pulling and wrestling, and finally both came to blows. The room was one animated mob of young and comely women struggling for supremacy and the possession of the coveted trophy. When the janitor entered, whether intentionally or not, he engaged in the strife, and soon became thoroughly mixed up in the fight. It was hard to tell which faction was the strongest. The professor appeared upon the scene of battle and captured the cushion, which ended the tug-of-war.

A BRAVE U. S. MARSHAL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Deputy United States Marshal J. M. Bennett of Weedsport, New York, whose portrait appears elsewhere in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, is widely known throughout Central and Western New York for his clever detective work. Marshal Bennett's latest achievement was the capture, near Watertown, of Baker, one of the escaped convicts from the Auburn State Prison. Baker was a desperate and hardened criminal, who was serving his second sentence, twelve years, for assault with intent to kill. Marshal Bennett has made a number of equally daring arrests. He was a member of Co. 1, Twenty-fourth New York Volunteer Cavalry, and early learned to face danger.

MOUNT MOUNTED THE POLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Linemen in the employ of the Brush and the Cincinnati Electric Light companies in Cincinnati quarreled recently for the right of placing a cross-tree on a pole. The police of the Central station were notified, and Officers Mount and Hipple were sent to the scene of trouble to arrest the linemen. When they arrived the officers found linemen Joseph E. Lundy, of the Brush company, up one of the poles. He was ordered to come down. This he refused to do. Officer Mount, who is an old lineman, climbed up the pole and brought his man down and took him to the station house. A large crowd of people witnessed the arrest.

SHE WORE MEN'S TOGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About a year ago a laborer applied for work on the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railroad. He was put to work among the laborers. His fellow-workmen knew him as Joseph Polinski. A few days ago it was discovered that Joseph was not built that way, but was a woman. She explained that her name was Margaret Polinski. She had been left an orphan when about sixteen years old, and had since been masquerading as a man, as she found it easier to get work. At one time she shipped as a common sailor. After telling her story she disappeared.

ACCIDENT IN A HIGH-SCHOOL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A remarkable accident occurred a few days ago in the High School at Lexington, Ill. Professor Jess was instructing a class in chemistry, and was generating oxygen in an iron retort, when the retort exploded. About twenty students were gathered about the retort at the time of the explosion. They were all more or less injured. A piece of the iron struck a gasoline tank, which was ignited, but fortunately the flames were extinguished before much damage was done to the building. Professor Jess, who was standing close to the retort, was frightfully burned about the face and hands. He will lose his sight, if not his life.

HE KILLED A WILDCAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Notwithstanding the fact that Al Dougherty, who is the best-known stage driver in Wyoming, has but one natural leg, he is still able to do considerable hustling. A few days ago Al had a very lively time with a 100-pound wildcat. Dougherty was leaving the barn at the Grass Creek station, when the cat made the attack. Al was knocked down, causing his wooden leg to come off. During the rest of the fight the wooden leg was used successfully as a club. The cat was finally killed.

A BRUTAL CANANDAIGUAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A cowardly murder was committed a few days ago in Canandaigua, N. Y. John Fish and John Cullinane were returning from work when they were met by Frank Fish, a brother of John. Frank is an idle, worthless fellow. As Cullinane separated from John they shook hands. Frank extended his hand to Cullinane, who refused to take it. With a muttered curse, Fish turned and left his brother and Cullinane. A few minutes later he returned and plunged a knife into Cullinane's neck, killing him. The murderer was arrested.

PRETTY KATIE BARRI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Katie Barri, who has created such a favorable impression in the part of *Scidel*, in "Faust Up to Date," at the Broadway Theatre, this city, made her first appearance, when a child of three years in a Chinese dance at the Grecian Theatre, London. She afterwards appeared with Joe Jefferson, and has met with considerable success in every play she has taken part in. Miss Barri is noted for good and conscientious work. As will be seen by her portrait, which appears elsewhere, she is a person of very pleasing address and is a favorite wherever she appears.

TWO GREAT BOOKS.—Bella Starr; or, The Female Outlaw of the West; and Daisy Anne; or, The Half-Breed McCoy Outlaws. Handsomely illustrated; 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

TOUGH TIMES IN TEXAS.

The Terry-Gibson Feud Claims
Another Victim.

GIBSON KILLS KYLE TERRY.

The Galveston Court House the Scene
of the Shooting.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THAT TOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The shooting of Kyle Terry by Volney Gibson in the Galveston Court House is creating widespread excitement throughout all Texas, as both men were prominent. The killing was the result of a feud which began in June, 1889, when Terry killed Ned Gibson, one of Volney's brothers.

The Woodpeckers and the Jaybirds, in 1889, were engaged in a political contest in Fort Bend county, and the former gave a ball in honor of the election of Terry to the Tax Assessorship. Invitations were sent



KYLE TERRY.

to members of the Jaybird faction, and these were re-mailed to Negroes of the place. This was considered an insult by the Woodpeckers, and they charged Volney Gibson with being the instigator of it. An altercation ensued, and Kyle Terry slapped Volney's face. This terminated in the killing of Ned Gibson by Terry. The deepest degree of animosity has since existed between the factions, and each side has lost no opportunity of downing the other when they met.

The feud came to a crisis when members of both parties met in the Court House to attend a trial. The rest of the story is best told by eye-witnesses:

Jno. Lovejoy, a practicing attorney of Galveston, employed as Terry's counsel, also as counsel associated with Major Frank M. Spencer for Jno. J. Parker was present at the shooting. He says that Kyle Terry had informed him that he expected an attack to be made on him as he entered the court house to attend his trial. That on the day of the shooting, at 9 o'clock, Judge Parker, Kyle Terry, Dave Lubbock of Houston and some of his friends met at his law office, and both Judge Parker and Terry again informed him that they had good reason to expect that an attack would be made on them at the court house when they went to the trial, and asked him to see the police authorities and the sheriff and see that the Gibsons and their friends went into the court house unarmed, and to give them a detail of protection. Terry was very earnest, and stated that if they did not have this protection he felt sure he would be killed. "I immediately went over to the police office," continued Mr. Lovejoy, "to see the chief. He was out and Sergt. Robt. Henderson was in charge. I stated to him that Parker and Terry anticipated trouble at the court with the Gibsons and their crowd, and asked for a detail of police to escort them there and see that they were protected. Henderson declined to do this unless Sheriff Tier-



TERRY SLAPS VOLNEY GIBSON'S FACE.

man would request them to help keep order and preserve the peace, and that he would keep a squad of men there (at the police office) until he heard from the sheriff. I then went to Judge Wheeler's office, who is a friend of Judge Parker, stated to him the danger and the receipt of my mission to the police office, and asked him to go at once to the court-house and get the sheriff to disarm the Gibsons and their friends and to give Terry and Parker necessary protection.

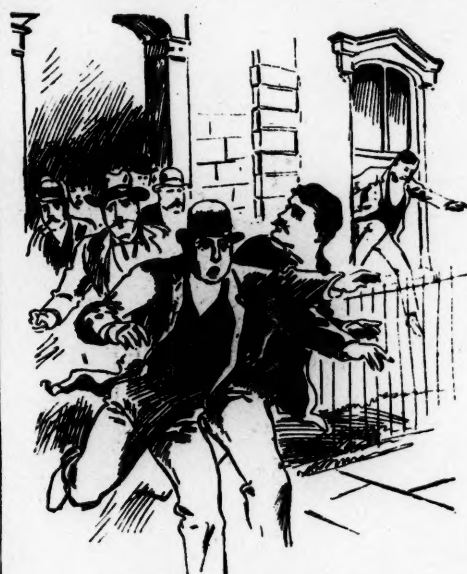
"Judge Wheeler went at once to the court-house and I to my office and got Parker and Terry and our witnesses in the case and we all went together to the court-house. When we arrived there Judge Wheeler was waiting on the front steps for me and told me

that he was unable to do anything. That the officers scouted the idea of there being any danger. I turned around and said to Terry and Parker and one or two others, 'Gentlemen, this looks like trouble. I see a large number of jurors and if the Jaybirds mean any trouble they will mix in among them and kill you before you know it. Let me go ahead.' I went in with Dave Lubbock on my left. I turned towards the



TERRY ESCAPES NED.

sheriff's office and looked to see if any of the Jaybird people were there. I saw a lot of them in the sheriff's office, and looking up in the corner between the hall window and the door of the sheriff's office I saw Vol Gibson with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, his vest unbuttoned except the top button and his right hand in under the left side of his vest fumbling with what I took to be a pistol; at the same time he was intently watching the door. I said to Lubbock: 'That man has a pistol, and he is going to shoot.' He then made a motion to draw his pistol. I spoke to him and said: 'Don't draw that pistol, and don't do any shooting here.' At the same time I hailed to the crowd behind me: 'Look out, this man here has a pistol and is going to shoot.' In the meantime Gibson had drawn his pistol, took it in both hands, and took aim at somebody behind me. Someone stepped between him and the object he was aiming at, and I again warned him not to shoot, but he raised his pistol, took aim and fired, cocked his pistol and fired the second time, each time holding the pistol with both hands. I then retreated toward the back steps by the County Clerk's office and got on the first landing, looked back and then went to the District Court room and hailed to them to close the front door. I then came back down the stairs and Gibson had come back into the hallway leading into Judge Austin's private office. He took the shells out of his pistol and reloaded it with cartridges taken from his left vest pocket. I don't know whether or not he had completely reloaded it when Deputy Sheriff Dick Tiernan came up, and I understood him to place Gibson under arrest. About this time Officer Jim Cahill came up, and he and Tiernan



A STAMPEDE FROM THE COURT HOUSE.

together pushed Gibson into the County Clerk's office, when Cahill took charge of him and Tiernan went down the hall to the Sheriff's office.

"I may further say that I advised my client and witnesses to go to the court house unarmed, as I was satisfied after all the precaution we had taken now and at the last term of the court that the sheriff would not allow any man to enter the court house armed. I thought the Sheriff fully understood the great danger."

Judge J. W. Parker says that he and his friends left Mr. Lovejoy's office after that gentleman had gone out to make some arrangements for their protection, and after he had returned and said that Judge Wheeler had promised to do what he could in the matter. He (Judge Parker), Kyle Terry, Mr. Ferguson, Dave Lubbock, Mr. Simms, John W. Greer and Mr. Lovejoy then proceeded to the court house. When they got there Judge Wheeler was standing in the door. He said he could do nothing. Terry and Parker shook hands with him. This threw Terry in advance on entering the court house. When Parker entered he turned to the left toward the collector's office. He heard some one say, "Look out." At the first shot Terry, who had gotten up several steps of the stairs, dropped down. He drew his pistol after the second shot and was clinging to the stair railing for support. When the shooting commenced he (Parker) stepped around the corner of the hall toward the assessor's office. As he did so Mitchell came out of the sheriff's office near where Gibson stood. He pulled his pistol down on Mitchell and Gibson, but dropped it as some elderly gentleman stepped in between them. A good deal of the shooting was done out through the sheriff's office. After he turned into the hall he passed through the assessor's office and out into the yard through the north window of that office. On going around toward the front of the building inside the yard he saw Little standing on the

sidewalk on the other side of the fence from him. Knowing that Little was of the other faction he pulled his pistol down on him.

Little had no hat on and was very much excited. He threw up his hands and said he had nothing to do with the trouble, that someone had thrown him out of the window and hurt his arm. Parker's friends, who were then up the sidewalk near the jail, called to him and he went to them walking backward inside the yard pistol in hand till he reached the jail entrance, when he climbed the fence and joined his friends on the sidewalk. Judge Parker says his trouble in Fort Bend county antedates the Jaybird and woodpecker organizations. He says that in the interest of what he conceived to be good government he took the stump in advocacy of a county ticket, when some of the opposition attempted his assassination at a barbecue. Subsequently the Jaybirds believed him to be the instigator of the Gibson killing at Wharton, when as a matter of fact he did not know that Terry was even there. They also accuse him of being the instigator of the prosecution against them in the Federal courts and with the employment of counsel to prosecute them, with which he has had nothing to do. He knows that he is in very bad favor with the Jaybirds.

The Gibsons claim that Terry fired the first shot. He had a pistol in his hand but it was not discharged.



CARRYING TERRY AWAY.

Terry's body was taken to Houston for interment. Gibson was placed under arrest. There is a general opinion that there will be more shooting before the factionists are satisfied.

AN ERUDITE JOURNALIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish an excellent portrait of Col. Charles H. Taylor, editor and proprietor of the Boston Globe, one of the foremost newspapers of the country. Col. Taylor, while yet in his minority, developed that keen sense for news which is the primary qualification of a good newspaper man. Sent by one of the Boston dailies to the Canadian border to act as special correspondent with the celebrated Fenian army of invasion (1866), his despatches showed a grasp of the situation and a faculty for descriptive detail which gave assurance of his powers. It may be noted that at the early age of sixteen he enlisted in the Union army as a private, went to the front, and served until he was wounded and sent home. He had only passed his majority a short time when he made a brief but successful excursion into the field of politics. Gov. William Claflin appointed him his private secretary in 1869, with the rank of Colonel, and in that position he acquired an intimate knowledge of the working of the State government which has since been of great practical service to him. Meantime he remained a journalist, doing notable work as correspondent for the New York Tribune, the Cincinnati Times, and some local Boston writing. In 1873 he first formed his connection with the Globe, the youngest daily in the city, now without a rival in all New England, and has made it what it is to-day.

ROYAL ROAD TO WEALTH.

How a \$1 Investment in the Louisiana State Lottery Increased Fifteen Thousand Fold—A Very Lucky Countryman.

The Express but recently published the fact that Mr. Z. P. Cole, a poor man who resides at Pearsall, was the lucky winner of fifteen thousand dollars in the Louisiana State Lottery, having purchased ticket No. 98,455, which drew one-fortieth of the grand capital prize of \$600,000 in the December drawing. Mr. Cole is a remarkably lucky man, for he seems to have known just where and when to invest a dollar where it would do the most good. After learning of his good fortune, Mr. Cole sent his ticket to New Orleans by express, where it was cashed in full by the bank and the money returned to him in a remarkably short time, thus demonstrating the fact that the Louisiana State Lottery Company is as reliable as ever, and never makes a promise but what is carried out to the letter.

Mr. Cole, as stated above, was a poor man, having been working for the small sum of \$15 per month. His good fortune, however, has not turned his head and he proposes to use his means in the effort to better his condition for the remainder of his life.—San Antonio (Tex.) Express, January 8.

A "COPPER" TRUST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman named Alice Carpenter, having on man's clothes, with a policeman's star and club, was arrested in Seattle, Washington, recently. She confessed having committed several burglaries lately, which have mystified the police authorities, and confessed further that the clothes and disguises were given her by Mrs. Collins, wife of a member of the firm of Collins & Adair, merchants' police patrol. Other sensational arrests are expected to follow this. The girl's name, while in man's clothes, was Thomas Sedro. She said the reason she dressed in man's clothes was that she wanted to be a detective.

BRAVE SUSIE DANKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During a recent fire in McCall Block, Springfield, Mass., Miss Susie Danks, a bookkeeper employed in the grocery of Charles A. Call, was among the last to leave the burning structure. She remained at her post long after the blaze had gained good headway, the purpose of her stay being to safely house the money, books, etc., in the safe, which act she bravely accomplished, and barely made her escape through the show window, preceded by a young call, a clerk in the store, who burst the glass in a vain attempt to find the door.

ATTENTION, PURCHASERS!

What a Kindly Contemporary Says of Our New Department.

The *Newman*, of this city, which is published in the interest of the newsdealers, news agents, booksellers and publishers throughout the country, has this kindly word or two to say of the POLICE GAZETTE Purchasing Agency:

"It will be of interest to dealers everywhere to know that Mr. Richard K. Fox has bought two large buildings adjoining his mammoth publishing house, on the corner of Franklin square and Dover street. The premises have been entirely renovated and fitted expressly for a wholesale purchasing department in the sporting and gymnasium goods line.

"The growth of the mercantile department in the supply of the needs of those interested in sports is phenomenal. There are no figures or data at hand to make comparisons, but all the reader wants to gain an idea of the magnitude of the business is to note the figure spent in the special line of baseball, which is estimated to be four millions of dollars annually.

"The immense circulation of the *Police Gazette* (over one hundred thousand each issue) gives Mr. Fox and his staff of able lieutenants plenty of substantial work. Mr. Fox, the able head and adviser, is always found the very quintessence of human activity.

"This publishing house is a contradiction of the general opinion that all establishments having connection with sporting people must be in a certain degree influenced and guided by a class that lacks business qualifications and associations. Not so here; all is hustle and go, from the modern lightning Hoe press that prints the *Christian Weekly* before the wheels are cold from the *Police Gazette*, to the smaller presses on the eighth story that turn out small circulars. The hand that guides and the brain that plans the increasing prosperity of a large printing, publishing and general mercantile agency must be above the average world. The man that can boast is he who creates and raises an established monument that years cannot efface.

"For many years the heavy mail to Mr. Fox has been burdened with requests to 'get me such and such an article.' A reader in Austin, Texas, wanted a pair of dumbbells. Another in Halifax, Nova Scotia, wanted a pair of boxing gloves. The matter was such a trivial affair that very little attention was paid to it, and only during the past year has any record been taken of such transaction. The call has been so loud and the matter of such importance that the question was finally settled of adding a responsible agency or supply department to the Fox establishment.

"In a recent interview with Mr. Fox, by the *Newman* correspondent, he stated emphatically that the trade would be the first factor in his management of this department, and further stated that dealers could purchase from him at wholesale cheaper than from any jobbing house, as he proposes to pay cash to the manufacturer and thereby insure a jobber's discount, which discount he will share with the newsdealer. Mr. Fox will deal chiefly with the manufacturers in all cases, and buy in quantities large enough to insure lowest market prices.

"Sporting goods are not the only merchandise that will receive this company's attention. If I am not very much mistaken a horse or an elephant can be purchased here for cash to material advantage. If John Jones of Bigtown wants a fish hook or a *Police Gazette*, either will be sent him, with due diligence and courtesy. The idea is in its infancy, but enough business is guaranteed to satisfy all of its permanency. It is a good move, and to dealers everywhere it must prove a source of accommodation for the responsibility and sound business methods that go with it."

All the above is true, Mr. *Newman*. We are ready to purchase anything from a needle to anything else imaginable that can be obtained through our Purchasing Agency and forward it to any part of the world, a fact which can be proven by application by mail or personally.

A POPULAR DRINK-MIXER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Herman Raub, the head bartender at the "Hillen Building" saloon is without doubt one of the most popular drink-mixers in this city. For several years he has had charge of this popular bridge annex, and is a general favorite with the newspaper men of Park Row. As will be seen by his portrait on another page, Herman is decidedly handsome and natty in his attire.

A LIVELY COLORED BOXER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Albert Pearce, the colored middle-weight boxer, now in England, is gaining considerable fame in boxing competitions. In this issue we publish a portrait of this well-known colored pugilist. Pearce is well-known in London, and with the gloves he is probably as clever as any of the colored fist brigade outside of Peter Jackson and George Godfrey.

THE DEACON'S IRE WAS UP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Montross, a deacon of the Methodist Church at Woodbury, L. I., was recently arrested on a charge of assaulting Mrs. Charles Albro. It is alleged that he entered Mrs. Albro's house and knocked her down with a chair. A disagreement regarding money was the cause of the assault.

SWINGER BEN MOWATT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Ben Mowatt, the champion trick club-swinging, appears in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mowatt is well known in athletic circles. He is a clever manipulator with the Indian clubs, and outside of Gus Hill, the "Police Gazette" champion, he has few rivals. Mowatt is open for challenges from any source in the club-swinging line.

BASEBALLIST GEORGE P. SANFORD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George P. Sanford, who was center-fielder for the Monmouth Baseball nine last year, is one of the rising young players of this country. His last year's record was a very creditable one. Among the boys he is known as "Sandy." "Sandy" is a resident of Watkins, N. Y., where he has many admirers. At present he has under consideration several offers for the coming season. His portrait appears in this issue.

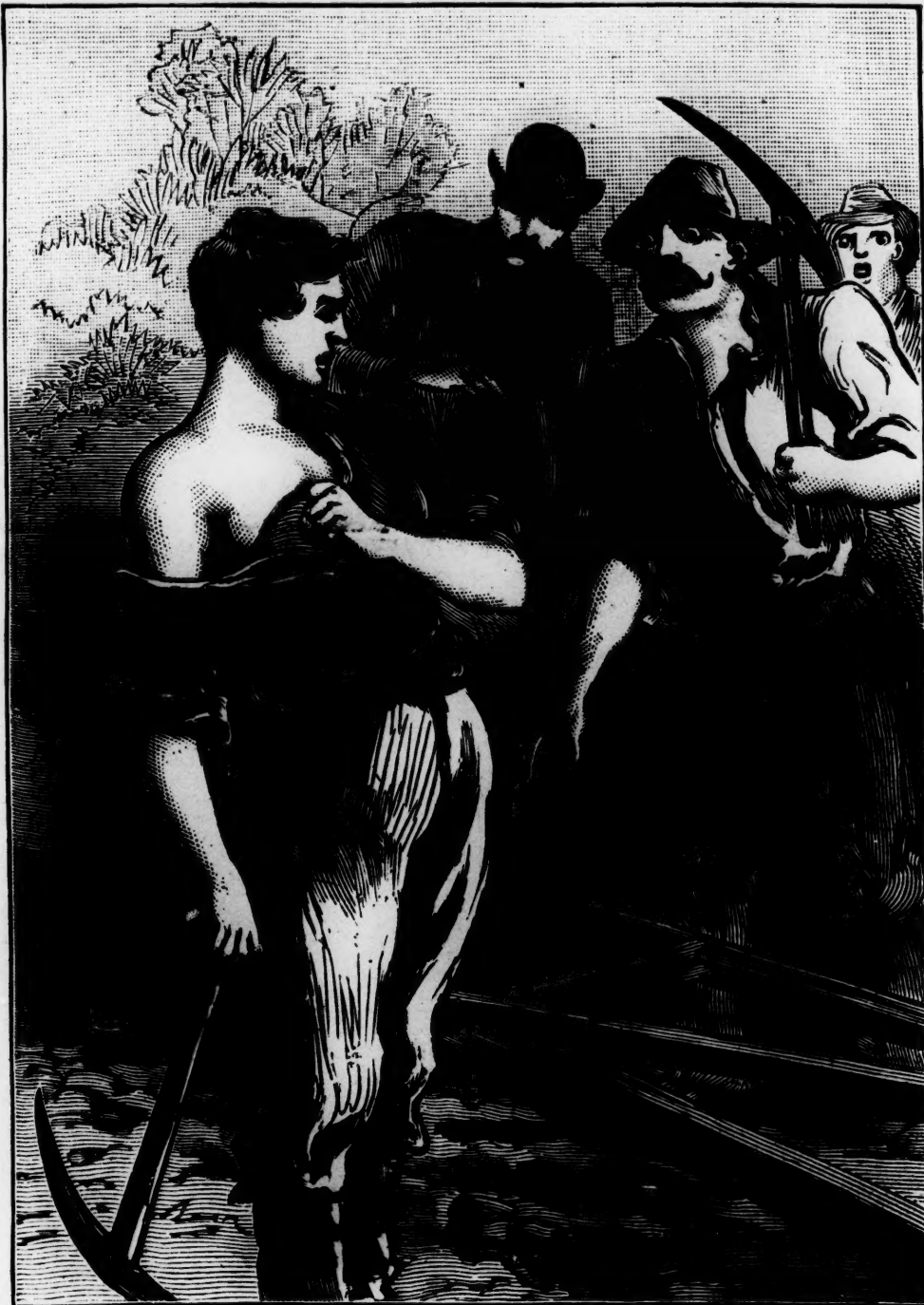
We would call the attention of our readers to the New France Race Game in our advertising columns. No Saloon, Club Room or Fair should be without this game. Will coin money. Sent by express to any address on receipt of \$15.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

SIX VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockets" Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," "Bartenders' Guide," "Boxing and How to Train," and "Guide to Wrestling"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



MASHED WITH A CUSPIDOR.

A PROMINENT HAGERSTOWN, MD., MERCHANT IS LAID OUT AND LAID UP BY THE PROPRIETRESS OF A DISREPUTABLE JOINT.



SHE WORE MEN'S TOGS.

FASCINATING MAGGIE POLINSKI, A LABORER ON THE PITTSBURG, VIRGINIA AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD, CONCEALS HER REAL SEX.



ACCIDENT TO PUPILS IN A HIGH SCHOOL.

WHILE EXPERIMENTING IN A LEXINGTON, ILL., INSTITUTE THE RETORT EXPLODES AND SEVERAL ARE INJURED.



SHE NEARLY MURDERED HIM.

MRS. WARNECKE, OF CHICAGO, ILL., TRIES TO ASSASSINATE EDWIN FIRTH OF TROY, N. Y., FOR ALLEGED WRONGS.



A BRUTAL CANANDAIGUAN.

FRANK FISH OF THAT NEW YORK TOWN BECOMES INCENSED AT JOHN CULINANE AND FATALLY STABS HIM IN THE BACK.



JIM STARR PLUNKED.

ONE OF BELLA STARR'S, THE LATE FEMALE BANDIT'S, HUSBANDS, SHOT BY A U. S. DEPUTY MARSHAL NEAR ARDMORE, I. T.

KENNEDY LIFTED IT.

The "Police Gazette's" Monster Dumbbell.

ATHLETIC AND PUGILISTIC NEWS

THE 1,000-POUND DUMBBELL.

A tremendous crowd of athletes and sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 28, it being announced that there was going to be a general open competition for all strong men and giants in feats of strength in attempts to lift the "Police Gazette's" 1,000-pound champion dumbbell. Among the sporting men present were E. F. Mahan, Jack Fallon, Greek George, John Smith, John Whitman, Ajax, Milo, the Greek; Cowboy "Samson," James Pilkington, William McCormick, Steve Brodie, J. W. Kennedy and a host of others.

The competitors who entered to lift the dumbbell were: Milo, the Greek, a well-known strong man; John Whitman, better known as Ajax; Drago, the Australian Hercules; Samson, the Cowboy; J. W. Kennedy of Quincy, Ill., and Sebastian Miller, the German Hercules.

J. W. Kennedy was the first athlete to make the attempt, and when he stripped he displayed splendid physical development. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds. He straddled the big mass of iron, and, grasping the iron handle, made several attempts, but failed to move the one thousand pound bell. After several attempts he rested, and then he again straddled the bell, and pressing firmly with both legs against the platform, he grasped the handles with a vise-like grip, and mustering all his great strength, he strained every muscle in his body, while the big crowd of spectators watched with eager interest. Finally the muscles of the athlete were strained to their utmost tension, and to the amazement of the crowd Kennedy lifted the bell fully two inches off the ground amid tremendous cheers.

A number of newspaper men from the New York Herald, Sun, World, Star and other papers were present, and complimented the great athlete on his strength.

Richard K. Fox grasped Kennedy's hand and said: "Mr. Kennedy, I congratulate you. You have won the 'Police Gazette' trophy and the championship at dumbbell lifting."

After Kennedy had succeeded, Drago, the Australian, tried to lift the bell, but was unable to do so. Samson, the Cowboy, made a good attempt, but was unable to lift it. Greek George then tried and failed, and none of the strong men present were able to succeed with their hands, that is, without artificial means. Sebastian Miller then placed two benches on each side of the mass of iron and attached a chain to the handle. He then produced a pole the shape of a whip-like tree with a hook in the centre, and mounting the platform, taking up the pole, which was three feet long placed the hook in the chain which was fastened to the bell and then, with the use of his legs, he lifted the bell twice about two inches and a half from the floor.

Kennedy fairly won the POLICE GAZETTE trophy which was offered to any one who could lift the dumbbell with his hands alone.

A day or two later a tall, muscular German, accompanied by a delegation of sporting men, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office. The German athlete stood six feet in height, weighed 800 pounds and has a record of accomplishing some wonderful feats at heavy weight lifting. He said his name was Louis Saalsburg and that he was born at Wolsbuden in 1863. Saalsburg had been backed to lift the "Police Gazette's" 1000-pound dumbbell, and he was confident he could accomplish the feat. Saalsburg stripped and presented a splendid physical development. He tried the regular way of lifting the ponderous iron without success, and then tried standing on two stools with the cross-bar, hook and chain. He made two trials, but only just managed to move the bell, but failed to lift it. Saalsburg lifts 500 and carries that weight round a block of houses. He can lift the end of a bale of cotton, but the 1000 bell was too much for him, and he left the POLICE GAZETTE office crestfallen that he had not been able to equal the performances of J. W. Kennedy, the "Police Gazette's" champion heavy weight lifter, and Sebastian Miller, the German Hercules.

PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The boxing championships of the Pastime Athletic Club were held at Papeas Hall, in this city, the preliminary bouts on Jan. 25, and the final bouts on Jan. 29.

The preliminary bouts were for the bantam, special, light and middle-weight classes and brought out many contestants and some first-class boxers. The contests were for the amateur championships of New York State, and Henry E. Bourmyer of the New York Athletic Club was referee, and his flats were according to his judgment, although in several instances they were not accepted as just. About 2,000 spectators paid for admission at the preliminary bouts and were well repaid.

In the first bouts between the bantam-weight class, 105 pounds, D. Hagen of the Pastime club, won the bout of three rounds from T. Ryan of the Lexington Athletic Club; F. Higgins of the Pastime Club from J. Jimbalbo of the National Club; J. Mulry of the National Club from J. C. Ward of the same club; and T. Murphy of the Pastime Club from J. J. Hibbits of the National Club.

In the special weights, 120 pounds, F. Schneering of the Pastime Club, won the three-rounds bout from M. McNally of the Bridge Club; and M. Shields won from T. Cantwell of the Pastime Club.

In the light-weight class, 135 pounds, J. Muller of the West End Club won the three-rounds bout from M. J. Dinan of the Pastime Club; Owen Harney of the Pastime Club from H. Dunn of the same club, and H. Stevenson of the Pastime Club from D. E. Manning of the same club.

In the middle-weight class, 155 pounds, M. McAuliffe of the Bridge Club won from J. Van Houten of the West Side Club.

The price of admission was raised to \$1 in the final bouts; nevertheless, a tremendous crowd was present, over one thousand paying for admission. The competition opened with a contest between James Farrell of New York, and M. Shields of the Pastime Athletic Club. Both were in the 120-pound special class. Farrell forced the fighting in each of the three rounds and was declared the winner of the bout.

F. Schneering, F. A. C. who had previously sparred a bye with Jim Crow, L. A. A., next contested with James Farrell for the finals in the 120-pound class. Schneering started his usual rushing tactics soon after the men shook hands, and after 3 minutes and 50 seconds of work had his man used up, and the referee declared the Pastime Athletic Club representative the New York State champion, and he received the trophy.

The bantam competition followed, and T. Murphy of the Pastime Athletic Club, and J. Jimbalbo, the Italian, of the National Athletic Club, fought the middle. Murphy won easily.

D. Hagen of the Pastime Athletic Club, and T. Mulroy of the National Athletic Club, followed. Mulroy had no science, but he swings both hands in windmill fashion. He just managed to score points enough to receive the referee's decision in his favor.

In the final of the 105-pound or bantam class Mulroy had to meet the champion, T. Murphy of the Pastime. Mulroy again followed his windmill tactics and succeeded in landing one swinging right-hand on Murphy's neck, knocking him down. Murphy, however, fairly gained the most points and was declared the winner.

The competition in the light-weight class was exceedingly interesting. Owen Harney, of the Pastime, and H. Stevenson, of the same club, made a very exciting display for the three rounds, and Harney was declared the winner.

J. Mallen, West End Athletic Club, and T. Walsh, Nonpareil Athletic Club, in the 135-pound class, next came on. In the opinion of the judges Walsh was considered the better man.

The final bout of the light-weight class was between Walsh and Harney. It was equivalent to a regular prize fight. The

men fought until they could scarcely stand while blood ran in streams. Finally, at the end of 4 rounds the referee decided that the Pastime champion had won. Both men were terribly punished and the contest was well worth a long journey to witness.

The middle-weight competition was between M. J. McAuliffe and N. Cullen, both of the Bridge Athletic Club. It was no contest but a regular farce. McAuliffe not being anxious to knock Cullen out. The audience hissed and hooted until the referee cautioned the men not to take; but it made no difference, and at the end of the bout McAuliffe, a great name in fistic circles, was declared the winner.

SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The National Amateur Skating Association decided three out of the four races for the championship at Washington Lake, near Newburg, N. Y., on Jan. 29. About 3,000 persons were present. The first race was 440 yards, and brought out the following starters: Joseph F. and James A. Donoghue of Newburg; Frank P. Carroll of Pictou, N. S.; Charles and John Lappe of Van Cortlandt Lake, New York city; Louis Leven of the American Athletic Club, New York city; Howard P. Mosher of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, and Elmer Simpson of Newburg. The race was won by Mosher, who defeated Joe Donoghue by 6 feet, with Jim Donoghue third. The time was 37 1/5 seconds, the fastest time on record. The five mile race was won by Joe Donoghue easily defeating Frank P. Carroll, Jim Donoghue, the Lappe brothers, Howard P. and Frank Mosher, Elmer Simpson and Thomas F. Devine. Donoghue's time was: One mile—3 minutes 55 seconds; 2 miles—7 minutes 17 seconds; 3 miles—10 minutes 30 seconds; 4 miles—14 minutes 10 seconds; 5 miles—17 minutes 50 1/2 seconds. Joe Donoghue also won the 1-mile race easily in 3 minutes 28 1/2 seconds, beating Fred Buckner, the Lappe brothers, James Donoghue, Frank P. Carroll and Frank Mosher. The ten-mile race, which was the only one left to be contested, was postponed in consequence of the bad condition of the ice.

PETER JACKSON'S TRIUMPHAL TOUR.

Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion, was tendered a reception and banquet by the Unique Club, of Harlem, at their rooms, 1788 Third avenue, this city, on January 30. The Unique Club is composed of the leading colored men of the Empire City and boasts of 140 members. Howard A. Jones, the president of the club, presided. Among those present, besides the members of the club, were: Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago; Messrs. Hackett and Wilkinson, of the New York World and Chicago Daily News, respectively; P. J. Sharkey, David Holland, W. W. Naughton, S. Fitzpatrick, Orator Anderson and W. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and others. A sumptuous repast was furnished. Jackson was presented with choice floral offerings. Speeches were made by Peter Jackson, Chas. E. Davies, and others, and the Rev. Dr. Williams read an extract from the POLICE GAZETTE in reference to Jackson. The affair was creditable to the Unique Club, and Peter Jackson and the delegation that accompanied him appreciated it.

At Music Hall, Boston, on Jan. 29, Jackson boxed with Jack Ashton. About 2,500 persons were present, and John L. Sullivan was among the spectators. Jackson made a favorable impression, and was loudly applauded, and the champion also received quite an ovation.

THE KELLY-MORAN BATTLE.

The fistic encounter between Tommy Kelly of New York, better known as the "Harlem Spider," and Charlie Moran of Jersey City (formerly of England), for \$1,000 in stakes, a purse of \$500 and the bantam championship of America, was fought near Easton, Pa., on Jan. 31.

About 150 sporting men were present, and paid \$10 each for the privilege of witnessing the mill. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with skin gloves, at 105 pounds. Both men were in first class condition, and had a host of admirers, who backed them readily with hundreds of dollars. Moran was the first to enter the ring and he occupied the north west corner, while Kelly made his resting place in the southeast corner. Jimmy Larkins and Jim Waylett "handled" Moran, while Jim Martin and Jack Burke seconded Kelly. Jack Masters and Johnny Eckhardt were the timekeepers, and a well-known sporting man was referee. Among the crowd were the creme de la creme of the sporting world, including well-known owners of racing stables, bookmakers, pugilists and horsemen, with their pockets full of money to bet on the result of the battle. After the preliminaries were arranged, the pugilists' share of the door money, \$500, was given to the referee by Joe Early, who backed Moran, and the referee was instructed to hand the winner \$400 and the loser \$100, which made \$1,000 to go to the winner. Moran, stripped, looked a pocket Hercules. He was a few inches less in stature than Kelly, but he looked more like a pugilist than the American and displayed great muscular development about the body and shoulders. Kelly also had the advantage in length of reach, but, few, on his first appearance, would suppose he was a pugilist. After the battle began the fighting was desperate. Kelly landed a terrific left-hand on Moran's right eye, which left a bulb, and it began to raise like a yeast dumpling. Moran's tactics were in rushing his opponent and continually clinching, but he always received the worst of the infighting in consequence of Kelly's terrific upper-cut. In the second round Kelly knocked Moran down and had decidedly the best of the battle, and yet hundreds of dollars were wagered by Moran's supporters that he would win, and one would have supposed that the battle was a "stature," for up to this stage Kelly had clearly demonstrated his superiority. Moran managed, in the second round, to land a terrific upper-cut on Kelly's jaw and another on his smelling apparatus, but Kelly, who is undoubtedly game, countered on Moran's lip, opening a deep gash and again knocked him down. The third round was a desperate one, and both men inflicted terrible punishment. Moran got in a left-hand on Kelly's mouth, bruising his nether lip and drawing the claret. Kelly out-fought Moran in the fourth round, punishing him terribly and again knocked him down. The fighting in the following five rounds was desperate, and both men were terribly punished, and Kelly proved that he out-classed his opponent.

In the tenth round Moran made a grand effort to turn the tables. He landed his left with terrific force on Kelly's nose and received a tremendous right-hand on the jaw. Blow for blow was now exchanged and the pugilists both fought with great determination. Kelly's left hand continually doing great execution on Moran's badly damaged brain-box. Both men were now beginning to show signs of exhaustion, when Kelly suddenly drove his left onto Moran's belly and then his right on Moran's neck, which sent the English pugilist staggering against the ropes. Moran gamely faced the music, only to receive a tremendous left-hand on the jaw, which sent him sprawling in the north-east corner of the ring. Moran's head struck the ring stake and he lay like a dying gladiator, unable to rise. Intense excitement prevailed. Moran's friends yelled to him to get up, but the Englishman was beaten and unable to do so, and Kelly, amid loud cheering, was declared the winner. The battle lasted 39 minutes and was one of the most desperate ever witnessed between bantams. Joe Early lost \$750, Ridge Levein \$500, while Rod McMahon, Billy Oliver, Davy Johnson and others won various sums ranging from \$100 to \$500. Kelly is now the bantam champion of America, and no matter whom he meets he will prove a hard customer to win the title from.

Capt. Geo. M. Stevens, of the canal boat George H. Draper, owns "Jesse," the greatest rat killer in America. Capt. Stevens called at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to reply to a challenge issued by Wm. H. Thomas, wherein the latter said he would bet \$500 that Stevens' dog Jesse could not kill one hundred rats in a 15-foot pit in 5 minutes. Stevens stated he would wager \$500 and his canal boat against Thomas' canal boat, the W. H. Collin, and \$500, that "Jesse" can kill 100 rats in a 12-foot pit in 5 minutes, and further stated that if Thomas was in earnest all he had to do to settle a match was to put up a forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and it would be covered.

LIVES OF THE BIG FOUR—Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey—complete in one volume, and portraits of all the leading heavy-weights. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

TAKE YOUR PICK.

A Melange of Athletics From Everywhere.

SPORTING OLLA PODRIDA.

The following letter was received from George W. Atkinson:

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX—Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, has been the fistic hero since Peter Jackson sailed for America. Slavin's engagement at the Royal Aquarium was a financial success, and exceeded the management's expectations. Slavin will not start for America until he has celebrated his nuptials. After that joyous ceremony he will journey to New York with John Lewis, his manager, and put up a forfeit and issue a challenge to fight any man in the world for \$500, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship. Regarding Peter Jackson, Joe McAuliffe and Jake Kilrain, Slavin says that he does not desire to meet them while there are any prospects of his arranging a match with John L. Sullivan, because he is well aware that to battle for the championship he must meet the holder of the belt which represents that title, and for which two of the most important battles in prize ring history have been fought. Slavin adds that he is seeking not only wealth but fame, and should he succeed in defeating John L. Sullivan he would gain a pot of money and any amount of glory. On his arrival in America he will try his utmost to win the "Police Gazette" champion belt in a regular business way, and after he puts up a forfeit and issues a challenge through the proper channel, he will expect the American champion to either fight for the championship or forfeit, and should Sullivan pursue the latter course then he will claim the belt, and defend it against all comers according to the rules governing the belt and the championship.

Ted Fritchard, the well-known middle-weight pugilist, who some time ago offered to fight the American middle-weight champion, Jack Dempsey, whom many supposed had given up pugilism, has again decided to fight any middle-weight in the world for \$500 a side. It is expected that Alf Mitchell, who has made quite a name in fistic circles, will be matched to fight him, as Mitchell, like Barkis, is willin'.

The battle between Alf Ball and Toff Wall for a \$500 purse, offered by the Pelican Club, and which is to be decided the first week in February, in the Pelican new club, is creating a lively interest. Both are middle-weights, have made their mark in the ring and the battle promises to be a desperate one.

Richards, the well-known billiard player, has been making extraordinary billiard runs. He is to be matched for \$1,000 against John Roberts, providing the latter will give him odds.

Sam Baxter's defeat in his forty-round glove fight at Melbourne by Jim Burgess, the Australian light-weight champion, created great surprise here. If the battle had been fought in this country a fortune would have been lost on Baxter, who was looked upon as invincible at his weight.

Charley Mitchell is now the full-fledged manager of the Washington Music Hall at Battersea and doing a big business.

Jim Smith is still in the ring, and when Slavin leaves for the United States he will challenge any man in England.

From private sources comes the information that Peter Jackson and his shrewd manager, Chas. E. Davies, cleared \$4,500 by their visit to this country.

H. C. Messier, of Denver, Col., is pedestrianizing at Manchester, N. H.

The rifle match at Quebec for the Queen's championship has been attracting considerable attention.

Ernest Roeder, the German champion wrestler, left for New Orleans on January 28 to wrestle with Wm. Muldoon.

Jack Hopper has challenged Austin Gibbons, who recently defeated Mike Cushing, to meet him in the ring for \$500 a side.

At Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 28, the Albany Curling Club defeated the New York Club. Score, Albany 30, New York 22.

Neil Masterson has thrown down the gauntlet to row Peter Kemp for \$1,000 and the single-scull championship of Australia.

On Jan. 28, Mayor Hart notified the Police Commissioners of Boston, that Peter Jackson and Jack Ashton could spar at Music Hall.

Bowdoin College intends to train a crew for the inter-collegiate races, and they have forwarded a challenge to the Pennsylvania University to row.

Billy Myers, the well-known pugilist, will shortly arrive in San Francisco, Cal. Myers' arrival on the Pacific Slope will create another boom in prize ring circles.

Connecticut game fowls defeated New York in a cocking match at Hartford, Conn., on Jan. 28. Eleven battles were fought and there was heavy betting on each event.

Jack Dempsey and Billy McCarthy are training for their match for \$1,800 and the middle-weight championship, which takes place in the California Athletic Club on Feb. 18.

At Kingston, N. Y., on Jan. 24, Tom Crozier knocked Moose Green, a colored pugilist, out of time in five rounds, lasting 18 minutes. "Police Gazette" rules governed.

Arthur Upham, the middle-weight of New-London, Conn., has refused to fight George Goffrey, of Boston, for the \$500 offered by the Gloucester Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I.

Donnick McCaffrey says if the Parnell Club of Boston are eager for him to box with George Goffrey they must offer a bigger purse than \$1,800, for he is making \$500 per week.

Yale College has a mirror 2 1/2 feet in dimensions, worked on pulleys, which runs the full length of the rowing tank. The crew while rowing in the tank can see how they are pulling.

At Rahway, N. J., on Jan. 27, New Jersey defeated Ohio in an interstate cocking match. Nine battles were fought for \$50 each and \$500 the odd fight. New Jersey won the main in the ninth battle.

J. M. Wood, the ship-writer of the U. S. ship Dale, writes that he is willing to attempt to beat the record around the world recently made by "Nelly Bly," over the same route, if Mr. Fox will defray his expenses.

Fred Tatal, the well-known Western jockey, and Willie Doane called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 31. Tatal has been engaged to ride for the Labold Bros., and Doane will sport William C. Daly's colors during this season.

There is a man in South Prairie, Washington, who is anxious to pucker his lips against any man in the United States in a wrestling contest. His name is L. Condon. George Madden writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will back Condon for \$100 to \$250, and to show that he means business has posted a forfeit of \$100 with the Tacoma Globe.

At Croyon, Ohio, on Jan. 30, Billy Wright and Jack Grimm fought according to London prize ring rules for a purse. They hammered each other in the most brutal manner, but Wright had the best of it and his opponent was put to sleep in the sixteenth round by a terrific blow squarely between the eyes. The principals shook hands, received congratulations, and left the ringside good friends.

The 72-hour go-as-you-please race at Lebanon, Pa., was won by Albert Nolan, of Lancaster, Pa., who covered 245 miles. The other scores were: Eddie O'Brien, of Philadelphia, 230 miles; George Kaufman, of Lancaster, Pa., 225 miles; John Dommel, of Baltimore, 124 miles; Sw. art Ryan, Lancaster, Pa., 129 miles. The winner gets \$50, second \$30, third \$20. John B. Renshaw, Lebanon, Pa., was manager.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, who was recently teaching a boxing class at Minneapolis, Minn., writes as follows from Burke, Idaho, to the POLICE GAZETTE: "I will fight Dannie Needham or any other man in the light-weight class for

\$1,000 to \$1,500 a side, the fight to be fought in Idaho or Montana, or in any of the clubs in San Francisco, for a purse worth milling for. Yours, BILLY LYNN."

The New York "Evening World" recently published the following: John Whitman, "Ajax," as he is called, is a remarkably powerful man. At the POLICE GAZETTE office recently he took one end of a rope in his mouth. Five men pulled on the end of this rope and four other men pulled against them, the first man clasping Ajax about the waist, being clasped in turn by the man behind him, and so on. Ajax bore the weight and strength of these nine men with his teeth. He is twenty-three years old, stands 5 feet nine inches and weighs 169 pounds. He is a native of this city, and challenges anyone to a trial of strength for any amount.

A FIGHT FOR ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

The great prize fight for \$1,000 and the feather-weight championship of England, with gloves, according to Queensberry rules, was decided near London, recently. The principals were Nunc Wallace, who weighed 8 stone 3 pounds, or 114 pounds, and George Camp, who weighed 8 stone 1 pound, or 113 pounds. Bobby Habbjam and Jack Harper seconded Camp, while Jack Baldock and Jimmy Carney seconded Wallace. Not more than fifty were present, including Squire Abington, the Hon. Michael Sandys, Charley and William Hibbert, Toddy Bayly, Sam Blandford, Jem Smith, Camp's chief backer; Frank Hinde, Ike White, George Knight, Wally Cole, Harry Marks, Morey and Janey, George Barrett, Arthur Swanick, Sam Morlocual, etc. At a quarter to nine the lads were in the ring, Camp taking the left-hand side and Wallace the corner nearest the entrance.

ROUND 1—As they faced each other there looked but little to choose between them anyway, with the exception that Camp, who stood more upright than his antagonist, looked a trifle taller. Both sparred and feinted in the most approved fashion for an opening, each looking serious and determined not to throw a chance away. This went on for over 40 seconds. A last, getting within measurable distance, Wallace dashed out his left, which landed heavily on George's chest, getting away without receiving anything in return. More sparring was now indulged in, when Wallace again got home with his left twice, first on the chest and then on the face, napping one on the side of his ear for his trouble. They were now warming to their work, and as Camp feinted Wallace dashed in again with the left, this time on the throat, the blow knocking the Bermudez away from his pins. First knock-down blow to Wallace, who came away from him, and let him get fairly up before he renewed the contest, when, just as they were getting busy again, the timekeeper ordered them to the corners. Wallace's friends now offered odds on their man's chances.

ROUND 2—On the signal being given both quickly left their corners, and very little sparring was indulged in before Camp tried his left, but scarcely reached his opponent's face, when he was smartly countered. Some sharp exchanges followed, after which Wallace made another dash at Camp's throat, but was met by the latter, and in getting away the Brum slipped down, which made the friends of the Londoner jubilant. Wallace, however, was quickly up again, and the boxing renewed with much vigor, Wallace showing to advantage till the next interval for rest arrived.

ROUND 3—More cautious sparring was witnessed at the opening of the round. Wallace, being the first to lead off, just reached Camp's nose, but the blow was not a heavy one. George retaliated with a punch on the neck, and slipped out of danger. Wallace, however, would not be denied, and, following his man up, worked him into a corner, where some sharp half-arm fighting was indulged in, Camp being cautioned not to hold when he was at close quarters. The pair then broke away, and had just reached the middle of the ring when the round terminated.

ROUND 4—Wallace tried his left twice in succession, but each blow was put on one side by Camp. The Brum was still the aggressor, and after getting home with the left on his opponent's face he caught him a swinging blow with the right on the ear, which caused the ruby to show. First blood claimed for Wallace. Nothing daunted Camp stuck well to his work, and a very fast rally took place in the Londoner's corner. Wallace in getting away slipped down just as time was called.

ROUND 5—Wallace was the first to leave his corner, Camp soon following. Both had now thoroughly warmed to their work, and seemed on mischief bent. Wallace went after his man, but caught a stinging blow on the neck, which left a red mark, and both sides began to urge the men on. The noise, however, was promptly stopped. Wallace landed with both left and right on the dial, and got home an uppercut on the chin, which was nearly putting an end to the contest. Fortunately, however, for the Bermudez lad, the three minutes had nearly expired, the timekeeper's voice putting an end to the round.

ROUND 6—The Birmingham man was now advised by his friends to go in and finish his man, but Wallace, doubtless with an eye to the immense stake at issue, did not seem inclined to throw a chance away, and fought like an old general, as many a battle has been lost when victory seemed certain. Camp tried his left at the body, while Nunc paid attention to the knowledge-box, each using left and right in good style. This rally seemed to enliven Wallace, who delivered a terrific straight punch on George's nose, when they again got to close quarters, Wallace this time using both hands on the body, Camp slipping up in his own corner.

ROUND 7—Camp now seemed to improve, and attempted a pile-driver on the mark, but Nunc got away laughing. Advancing once more Camp landed on the neck, and raised the hopes of his supporters, but in getting home on the body he received a straight punch on the forehead, which sent him back towards the ropes. Quickly getting out of difficulties he acted on the defensive, and was holding his own until Wallace rushed in and again visited his damaged ear, which now bled freely, Wallace going to his corner at the end of the round smiling.

ROUND 8—Wallace, on getting to the centre of the ring, at once forced the fighting, and with a couple of straight drives with his left, drove Camp over to the side of the ring. The latter then tried hard to turn the scale in his favor, and after getting home on Wallace's face once more, tried to reach the mark. This, however, he failed to do without receiving something in return, as the Brum met him with a straight punch on the dial that sent him back wards.

ROUND 9—Some 'fast fighting took place in the early part of this round as the pair got to close quarters, but it was much in favor of Wallace, who proved the stronger, and hitting with much more precision than Camp, now looked to have the trump card in hand. The Londoner got home several times with his left, but his blows seemed to lack their usual dash, Wallace just before the close delivering a regular rib-roaster with the right that shifted his man from where he was standing.

ROUND 10—Camp now began to show signs of Wallace's handiwork, as both eyes and his mouth were swollen. The Brum, on the other hand, had still only the red mark on his neck. Little was done in the first part of the round, but towards the close a lively rally took place in Camp's corner, Nunc getting home on the damaged ear and nose with good effect, giving his man a scarlet appearance.

ROUND 11—This was really a grand round, for despite the fact that Camp had a lot of the worst of the deal, he started forcing the fighting, and the pair boxed at express speed all over the ring. Time after time each got home with left and right, but as they neared the end Wallace again asserted his supremacy, getting home very straight drives on the mouth and cheek with the left, besides paying a visit to his opponent's listening organ.

ROUND 12—Wallace still looked nearly as fresh as when he commenced boxing, but Camp appeared used up after his exertions in the previous round. He nevertheless came up gallily to the scratch, and after a few seconds' sparring each tried for the head and got home at the same time. Camp forced the fighting, which was sharp and exciting, but Wallace was much the stronger at the conclusion.

Rounds 13 and 14 were uneventful.

ROUND 15 AND LAST—Camp was evidently in queer street when he came up for this round, but he managed for about a minute to keep Wallace from doing him much harm. The Brum then got home with both hands on the jaw, sending him down through the ropes. He, however, managed to get up again, but his chance was hopeless, as Wallace landed first on the body and then on the head, from the effects of which Camp was unable to continue the struggle, Wallace being hailed the winner after boxing 28 minutes.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

JACKSON ON DECK.

The Brawny Colored Pugilist Exhibiting His Prowess.

HEAVY-WEIGHT LIFTERS IN TOWN.

Peter Jackson made his debut in Hyde and Behman's theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the afternoon of Jan. 27 in a three-round set with Jack Ashton, the Providence hero, well known in pugilistic circles. It was the first time that Ashton and Jackson had ever stripped and donned the mittens, and it was the first time the champion of New South Wales and of the Pacific Slope had met a pugilist of his own calibre in the East, consequently a tremendous crowd filled Brooklyn's popular resort. The theatre was packed to repletion, and the private boxes were filled with sporting men who were eager to see the great colored pugilist display his science and prize ring tactics.

It was understood that Jackson and Ashton could not box for quite a try to knock out one another; nevertheless, it was well known that Ashton would endeavor to make Jackson display his science and show his quickness in the counter-hit and stop points in boxing, in which Jackson excels, hence the rush and crush inside and on the exterior of the theatre.

Chas. B. Davies, with a clear and flute-like voice, introduced both Ashton and Jackson, and it is needless to state the prize-ring orator only made a brief speech, but it was to the point and did justice to Jackson and just suited the audience, who were eager to see the giants of the prize ring banging away at each other.

The boxing in the first round was a capital display of science. Ashton was out of condition, while Jackson had just come off the sea and had not lost his sea-legs. Nevertheless, he proved conclusively that the latter was a skillful practitioner with the gloves, and if he can deliver the straight left-handers and cross-counter the same when he is fighting as he does when he is boxing, then, unless he received an unlooked-for right-hand blow on the jugular or a straight left on the bridge of his snelling apparatus, he is liable to defeat any man in the world.

He is a shifty, foxy, edgewise fighter, with a right hand that must be a settler if he plants it at the proper time and in the right place. At present the world doesn't contain such another master of tactic science as Peter Jackson, and we form our opinion from his display with Jack Ashton.

Jackson has the weight and extraordinary long arms and wide and powerful shoulders, that are masses of bone beneath a thin covering of skin, and legs that in their slowness and for nimbleness, are not surpassed by a deer. In height, strength and length of arm none of the heavy-weights, unless it is John L. Sullivan, has any advantage, and the latter has not the height or length of reach Peter Jackson possesses, but he is heavier than Jackson, the skill in making clever men hit out of distance, and his dexterity in making a retrograde movement as his opponent's blows reach him.

There is a lull in prize ring circles, as far as the heavy-weights are concerned, and there will be until the arrival of Frank P. Slavin, the Australian champion, on these shores, and then the sporting public may expect to hear of one or more important matches. At present, while John L. Sullivan is the champion and ready to defend the "Police Gazette" champion belt, his hands are tied, and he will not be able to arrange any matches until he has settled his Southern difficulty.

Before that is done away with and the champion is free to meet all challengers, Slavin, who is eager to fight and signs for more worlds to conquer, will be in harness, ready and willing to meet all comers. Probably, in the meantime, the California Athletic Club may grasp the situation, and with their usual enterprise and generosity offer a purse for Peter Jackson, the colored champion pugilist of the world, and Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, to contend for. Slavin is not eager to battle with any pugilist with gloves or according to Queensberry rules, but he is ready and willing to meet any man breathing according to London rules for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

It is the intention of Frank Stevenson to match Jake Kilrain against the Australian on his arrival according to the terms Slavin is willing to battle by, but whether the Australian will agree to meet Kilrain before he meets his conqueror is an open question. Kilrain recently, in a speech in London, England, stated that his ambition was to win the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and that the first pugilist he was eager to meet was John L. Sullivan.

Upon his arrival, when he understands how Sullivan is handicapped, as far as match making is concerned, he may agree to forego his present intentions, and rather than wait a year—or perhaps more—before arranging a match with Sullivan, to agree to contend against Kilrain in a regular prize ring encounter for \$5,000, according to London rules, or else meet Peter Jackson, the colored champion, according to "Police Gazette" rules, in the California Athletic Club. Peter Jackson is eager to meet his Australian rival and settle the question of supremacy according to the only style the colored champion contends in, and if Slavin comes here he will find that, unless he is matched to meet either Peter Jackson or Jake Kilrain, after a few weeks he will fall to be a drawing card.

Then there is another pugilist eager to take the Australian's scalp, that is Joe McCulliffe, the "Frisco Giant." In a letter just received from the champion of the Pacific Slope, he says that either Sullivan, Kilrain, Slavin or Jackson can be accommodated with a match, and that he is not particular who picks up the gauntlet first.

I understand that the proposed match between Danny Needham, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Northwest, and Patsy Kerrigan, of Boston, who were to have fought in the California Athletic Club, is off. Kerrigan on his arrival in San Francisco did not call on the directors of the club, but commenced doing the city with a few blows. F. R. Fulda met him, warm words followed and Fulda informed him that his engagement to meet Needham was indefinitely postponed.

Kerrigan may thank his stars that he is not going to meet Needham, for the latter would certainly have played first violin, and Kerrigan would have had to furnish the drum in the pugilistic orchestra. I have watched Needham climb up the pugilistic stairs, and I must say that to-day he stands a first-class opportunity to win the light-weight championship, and Kerrigan was certainly no match for him.

The sensational report published broadcast that Jack Dempsey was wasting away and that he only weighed 124 pounds, although it managed to gain great publicity in some papers that make pugilistic news a feature, did not appear in these columns. It was certain that if the great middle-weight was dying L. R. Fulda, the president of the California Athletic Club, would have notified us. No such information was received, and the gag did not work as far as this paper was concerned. Dempsey merely caught a cold and had to stop training for a few days, owing mainly to the inclement weather, and the fact that the directors of the California Athletic Club desired to give their boxing teacher an opportunity to be in condition to meet the Australian champion.

Dempsey's next opponent, while he comes from Australia, is not a native of New South Wales, but of England. He was born in London in October, 1860, and is thirty years of age. He was taught the manly art of self-defence in Australia, and Peter Jackson was his tutor.

The erase among the numerous strong men to excel in lifting heavy weights and posing in feats of strength has

began to attract universal attention. In Canada, Australia, Germany, England and this country there are numerous strong men who in private and in public have accomplished wonderful feats of lifting heavy weights, either German dumbbells, anvils, or the regular dumbbells, which can be loaded and made to weigh from 50 to 250 pounds. Nearly every one of these giants of strength have performed their respective feats. Many give exhibitions of lifting in various ways.

Some display their strength by lifting heavy stones, others by lifting platforms with pig iron placed on them, while others lift horses with harness, and still others by hydraulic hand lifts and barrels of flour. The "Police Gazette" dumbbell appears to be an anchor as far as the heavy weight lifters are concerned, for they all appear to stagger in trying to lift the 100-pound bell.

Wm. O'Connor, the champion carman of America, who holds the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single-scul championship of America and which has been competed for twice by John Teemer of McKeesport and O'Connor, and the latter and Jake Gaudaur, is going to Australia to row with James Stansbury for the championship of the world.

O'Connor has found that there is no likelihood of any Australian sculler coming to this country to measure blades with him on either Canadian or United States waters, and it is a case of "if the mountain will not come to Mahomet Mahomet must go to the mountain." Since Rogers has quit backing O'Connor, the champion has found well-known sporting men in Toronto who will find the sinews of war for the champion's journey and stakes for his row Stansbury.

Since Hanlan learned of O'Connor's trip he has spoken very disparagingly, it is said, of O'Connor's staying qualities, and the latter says that Hanlan is afraid that he is going to Australia to accomplish what Hanlan failed to do—win the single-scul championship of the world.

Hanlan's remarks have nettled O'Connor, and he has challenged Hanlan to row any distance from 100 yards to 100 miles for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side.

It is my opinion, however, that no match will be made between the present champion and the champion of the past, for there would be no one ready to match Hanlan against O'Connor, while it is very doubtful whether Hanlan could show anything like his once phenomenal speed again in a shell.

O'Connor's trip to Australia, while it will be a pleasant journey, may not be a profitable one, unless he can do better than he did when he met the late Henry Searle on the Thames for the championship of the world. Many who know O'Connor claim he can row faster when there is only a small sum at stake than he can for big money, and there may be some truth in this statement, for he quit, when rowing Searle, just at the time, according to Searle's own story, when he "saw stars."

Athletes, pigeon shooters, and more especially billiard players, have all had this affliction. They could run fast when there was no money up and make big scores when very little was at stake, while when they competed for big bets and stakes they became nervous, and did not do themselves justice or play up to their form.

REFEREE

BILLY MCCARTHY'S BATTLES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

So many questions have been asked concerning Billy McCarthy, who is soon to meet Jack Dempsey, that we consider it advisable to present a short story of his battles, so that our readers may know whereof they speak in connection with the matter.

McCarthy's first battle was with Billy Smith in Sydney. Twelve rounds were fought in 45 minutes, when McCarthy was declared the winner. McCarthy then fought George Searle, the middle-weight amateur champion of Australia, and again victory perched on his banner, after a slashing mill which lasted 6 rounds, fought in 25 minutes. McCarthy fought Jack Malloy, twice defeating him, once in three rounds and again in four rounds. Jim Nolan, a prominent middle-weight, then fell a victim to McCarthy's wonderful fist, after a stubborn battle of 13 rounds, fought in 51 minutes. Bill Burgess and McCarthy were then matched, and the latter was supposed to only have an outside chance to defeat Burgess. The battle was a desperate one, and McCarthy's pluck and stamina gained the day. Fifteen rounds were fought in 58 minutes, when McCarthy knocked Burgess out. McCarthy continued to add victory after victory to his already won laurels, and he beat Charley Dunn in 54 minutes, 15 rounds being fought. He then knocked out Sallor Bill, a heavy weight who had gained considerable fame. McCarthy put him to sleep in 6 rounds, lasting 25 minutes. He then knocked out Patsy Carroll in the third round of a sharp and decisive battle, which lasted 14 minutes. He beat all competitors in Larry Foley's champion middle-weight tournament, conquering Tom Meadows, Paddy Gorman, Jack Fuller, Billy Smith, Bill Slavin and Jack Molloy. He followed up his success by defeating Mickey Dooley, who fought Peter Jackson and Frank P. Slavin, in 5 rounds, lasting 30 minutes. He beat Jim Orr in 4 rounds, and fought a draw with Costello of Buffalo, N. Y., the battle being 29 rounds, and lasting 2 hours 23 minutes. In this battle McCarthy was handicapped, Costello being several pounds the heavier. He also fought Jim Fogarty, the latter weighing 175 pounds while McCarthy weighed 153 pounds. Fogarty won after a desperate battle, which lasted through 28 rounds and was fought in 1 hour 43 minutes. This is McCarthy's only defeat, but he wiped it out by defeating Jim Fogarty in 31 minutes, just prior to his leaving Australia for the United States. Since his arrival in this country he has easily defeated Denny Kelleher at San Francisco.

THE BROTHERHOOD'S "ALL RIGHT"

The great baseball question in which John B. Day endeavored to enjoin John M. Ward, the famous short-stop, from playing with any other club but the New York, came up in the Supreme Court in New York on Jan. 25. On one side was arrayed the magistrates who had made fortunes through the skill of the very men they afterward subjected to comply with such stringent laws that they were compelled to rebel, while on the other side were the admirers of the Brotherhood, all eager to see the latter receive justice. The suit was brought by John B. Day on behalf of the baseball League. He asked that John M. Ward be enjoined from playing outside of his team during 1890, because the word "reserve" was used in the contract. Mr. Day claiming that it was a virtual agreement. Arrayed on the plaintiff's side were such legal authorities as Evans, Choate and Beaman, and they were assisted by Messrs. Duryesters and Backhurst. Ward was cared for by Anderson & Howland, and his defense was that the term "reserve" signified nothing, being merely a term used and only resorted to in the agreement of all baseball clubs in the League and of others under their protection. The case was the most important ever known in the history of baseball. After arguments on both sides had been heard Judge O'Brien gave a decision in Ward's favor and refused to grant an injunction.

In his decision he said: "The word 'reserve' defendant contends, referred only to the right and practice of reservation previously exercised under the National Agreement, and did not prohibit a player from contracting with or playing for any club outside the purview of the National Agreement."

Again he said: "There is no obligation on the part of the club to pay the player any salary whatever for the second playing season."

"True, it is stated that he shall not be reserved at less than a certain salary, but the reserving club may easily dispose of this. It may wait until just before the second playing season opens, and after every chance for a profitable engagement has passed, and then give the player ten days' notice of its election to end and determine all liabilities and obligations under this contract; and as the playing season has not opened, the club would not even be obliged to pay the ten days' salary."

"Johnny's" friends were jubilant, and 50,000 baseball patrons throughout the land will feel likewise when they hear of the decision.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.

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Owing to the numerous orders we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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T. J. Hartford, Conn.—No.
J. H. Harrisburg, Pa.—No.
JOEER, Lee Centre, N. J.—Yes.
H. Cincinnati.—Thanks for items.
L. D. B., Worcester, Mass.—B. wins.
J. Z. J., Clinton, B. C., Canada.—Thanks.
G. W. S., Lebanon, Pa.—Send on a photo.
J. H., New York Mills.—Thanks for photo.
A. C., Memphis, Tenn.—There is no such union.
OLD READER.—Send 25 cents for picture and key.
G. A. G., Orange, N. J.—Chang and the Russian giant.
F. M., Kansas City.—We do not know the value of old coins.
N. C., Fall River, Mass.—Neither white nor black are colors.
F. R., Albany, N. Y.—We understand he will ride for Hearst.
M. D., Rochester, N. Y.—Joe Coburn never fought Ned O'Balwin.

R. A., East Blue Hills, Me.—The first of May in 1868 was on a Friday.
J. W. G., St. Louis News Co.—We have no record of such a pugilist.

W. S., Gravesend, L. I.—We do not know anyone who teaches wrestling.

C., Fort Kough, Mont.—Billy Farnham defeated Peter Jackson in Australia.

M. O. H., Pensacola, Fla.—We do not know of any firm that sells such goods.

J. H. M., Bergen Point, N. J.—John Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

M. R., Burkhardt, Wis.—Yes, if he can take one of his opponent's men by doing so.

G. S., Boston, Mass.—George Alkens, the New Brunswick pugilist, is a light weight.

A. R., Parkhill.—We do not know the whereabouts of William Bowman, the pedestrian.

G. J. F., Marlboro, Mass.—1. A wins. 2. Send for the "Police Gazette" book on cock fighting.

M. M. L., New City, Kan.—1. We keep no record of such affairs. 2. Frank I. Frayne, at Cincinnati, O.

N. L., Los Angeles, Cal.—Messenger or Herr Holton. We do not keep a record of cannon ball jugglers, etc.

T. J. S., Kansas City.—Clarence Whistler lifted a square chunk of iron weighing 1,300 at Omaha, Neb., Oct. 14, 1884.

J. C., Salt Lake City, Utah.—The fastest time for a horse running one mile is 1 minute 39½ seconds by Ten Broeck.

R. A., Rahway, N. J.—Barney Aaron fought Sam Collyer twice. He was defeated in the first battle, but won the second.

CHIC, Chicago, Ill.—We have no record of either John L. Sullivan or Jim Smith knocking down an ox with his fist.

M. W. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—A and B must shoot off for second prize; D wins first prize. The decision of the referee is final.

BROOKS CLUB, Fort Meade, S. D.—Send 25 cents for the POLICE GAZETTE book on cards. It will give you all the information.

M. D., Washington, D. C.—1. Sixes are always high. 2. No. 3. It is a matter of opinion which can only be settled by a contest in the arena.

R. M.—The fastest time made across the ocean from New York to Queenstown, Ireland, is 6 days 2 hours 18 minutes, by the City of New York in August, 1869.

A. A., Marshall, Mich.—The fastest time for 1 mile, skating, is 2 minutes 12½ seconds, by Tim Donoghue, Jr., made at Newburgh, N. Y., on the Hudson, on a straightaway course, Feb. 1, 1887.

E. E. G., Orange, Texas.—It is impossible to gain reliable information on the subject. Prof. E. M. Worth, of Worth's museum, New York City, 2. Chang was eight feet in height, at least so he was advertised, but it is said his actual height was eight inches less.

M. J. S., San Francisco.—Jack Fallon was born Dec. 1, 1863, stands 5 feet 11 inches, weighs 185 pounds. Draw with James Maugher at Flatbush, L. I., June 15, 1884; 8 rounds, 31 minutes. Beat Frank B. Patterson, New York, four rounds. Beat Pat Brennan, 3 rounds, New York, 1884. Beat George Lambert, heavy-weight amateur championship, New York, March 28, 1884. Beat Tom Kelly, 2 rounds; Brooklyn, N. Y., June 11, 1884. Beat Alf Power, East New York, 7 rounds, 31 minutes; Nov. 26, 1885; police interfered, no decision. Draw with John Banks (colored), 5 rounds; Feb. 9, 1886. Beat Roger McCluskey, March 23, 1886; Philadelphia, 3 rounds. Beat Denny Kelleher, 4 rounds; March 23, at Philadelphia, Pa. Beat Bill Dunn, 4 rounds; Philadelphia, Pa. March 24, 1886. Beat Jack Dougherty in 3 rounds, 8 minutes, at Philadelphia, March 25, 1886. Beat Jack Smith of England, 3 rounds, 8 minutes; New York, May 3, 1886. Beat J. Smith and Tom Lees.

M. W. C., Boston.—The "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt was won twice by Jack Havlin, of Boston; once by Tommy Warren, who defeated Havlin. Frank Murphy, of England, and Tommy Warren then fought a draw for the trophy. Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, challenged Warren to contend for the trophy and posted a forfeit of \$250. Warren did not accept the challenge and Weir won the belt by default. Billy Murphy and Ike Weir then fought for the champion belt, and the Australian won and now holds the belt according to the conditions and rules governing the same. Jack Dempsey holds the "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion belt, and it is his personal property, he having held it for three years, met all comers and never lost. Dempsey's battle with George La Blanche was not for the "Police Gazette" champion belt or the middle-weight championship.

The "Police Gazette" champion light-weight belt is held by Jack McCulliffe, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The heavy-weight "Police Gazette" champion belt is held by John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, who defeated Jake Kilrain in a contest for the trophy and \$20,000.

S. W., New York City.—George Camp was born in Bermondsey, England, in 1866. He stands 5 feet 1½ inches in height, and when in tip-top condition weighs 112 pounds. He commenced his career as a boxer in 1887, by defeating Billy Herring in a glove contest in Bermondsey, England. He then defeated Jack Shea and Con Donovan in the order named at the West End School of Arms. His next opponent was Jack Sharpe of Hoxton, at the same place on Dec. 16, 1888, whom he beat after a determined contest. He next beat Harry Saphir in a 12-round contest at the east end of the metropolis, and followed this success with one over young Joe Farrell, the battle lasting 1 hour 28 minutes. His next encounter was a match in the old style at Goodwood, in 1889, when he defeated Jack Hullett of Bermondsey in 7 rounds, the battle lasting a little over half an hour, so that it will be seen that although he has been defeated by Bill Goode of Battersea, Nunc Wallace of Birmingham and Charley Smith of Spitalfields, at the three-round business, he never has had to strike his flag in a regular contest. In the Ben Hyams championship tournament at Islington, England, 1889, he succeeded in carrying off the consolation prize (£25), beating Tom Golder of Birmingham in the final. On Aug. 3, 1889, he made his appearance in the magic circle with Clegg Sales of Nottingham for £100 a side, whom, after a very stubborn battle lasting 50 rounds, occupying 1 hour 20 minutes, he defeated. On Jan. 13, 1890, Camp was defeated by Nunc Wallace in a match with gloves, for \$5,000, in 15 rounds, at London, England.

M. J. S., Omaha.—Johnny Murphy was born at Fort Hill, Boston, in 1853, and he is therefore 37 years old. He stands 5 feet 2½ inches high in his stocking feet, and usually fights at about 114 pounds. He began his fist career in his native Boston about seven years ago, his maiden fight taking place at the old Cribb Club, when he succeeded in knocking Tommy Crowley

out in two rounds. He next met Jack Williams, a noted good one, and beat him in seven rounds. He and Jake Kilrain then became bosom friends, and when Jake went to Baltimore Johnny accompanied him. While in the Monumental City Johnny defeated Bill Young in six rounds. About this time public boxing matches were in the height of their popularity in Philadelphia, and Johnny was engaged to appear there as the star of the Theatre Conique, and meet all comers in four-round contests, one a night, for a week. He did so and held his own and a little more against the best feather-weights of the Quaker City. His next encounter was with the famous Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, who was not only taller, but heavier and longer in reach than he was. Despite these disadvantages, he succeeded in making a draw of the affair after seventeen rounds had been contested. Since this he has made excellent showings with Billy Frazer, Jack Havlin, Joe Clark, Jack Keenan, of Philadelphia; Paddy Kerrigan, Young Pender, Will Spencer and Martin Daly. For two years he has taught sparring at Harvard University, and though not a member of its faculty, he is very highly esteemed, as much for his modest, unassuming ways as for his undoubted static skill, by his pupils and acquaintances.

Murphy and McCarthy fought at Boston April 26, 1889. Murphy broke his arm in the first round. McCarthy won in four rounds. T. S., Helena.—Nunc Wallace is a Scotchman. He stands 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighs trained 112 pounds. He is the feather-weight champion of England. He became prominently known as a boxer in 1887, when he fought Charley Jones for £20 at Newmarket, Eng. He gave weight to Jones and was less in stature, but he won after a desperate battle. A purse of 100 guineas was then subscribed by some members of the Pelican Club for him to meet W. Willis, of Bloomsbury, in a fight to a finish with bare knuckles, and the affair took place in October, 1888, when, after fighting 63 rounds which lasted 1 hour 32 minutes, Wallace was declared the winner. Following this he entered Frank Hinde's competition at the Royal Aquarium theatre, which took place in December of the same year, when he was vanquished in the final bout by Bill Goode (Battersea), but not being satisfied with the result met Goode in a contest for £200 on March 5, 1889, and then turned the tables on his whilom conqueror, winning in most decisive fashion in 9 rounds. Since then he has seen but little active service, most lads at his weight fighting shy of him. At the last Newmarket October meeting he was defeated in a 6-round contest by Morgan Crowther, of Newport, now matched to box Bill Baxter. On Jan. 15, 1890, Wallace fought George Camp for £1,000 and defeated him in 15 rounds, lasting 59 minutes.

JACKSON RECEIVES A TESTIMONIAL.

It is seldom that a pugilist, no matter how he conducts himself, receives any praise; but Peter Jackson, the colored champion, conducted himself in such a gentlemanly way on the steamer Adriatic, from Liverpool to New York, that on arriving in the harbor he received the following testimonial:

NEW YORK HARBOR, Jan. 26, 1890.

PETER JACKSON, Esq.:

We, the undersigned, cabin passengers per steamship Adriatic, from Liverpool to New York, desire, at the termination of the trip, to convey to you our thorough appreciation of your modest, gentlemanly deportment while crossing the Atlantic in our company. We beg to assure you of our earnest wishes for your success in your profession, and we have every confidence that your uniform courtesy and modest bearing will be at all times a passport for you into the society of gentlemen.

We, the undersigned cabin passengers, have great pleasure in presenting to you this slight testimonial of our appreciation:

D. B. Saxton, F. R. Lammie, Col. George H. Corey, William Davidson, H. R. Williams, W. S. Sharies, Capt. "Wash Regiment," A. P. Shield, P. W. Bullard, J. Craig, Jr., Col. A. B. Anderson, James S. Robertson, H. E. Clifford Kemp, Fred W. Buck, S. Horace Kempner, M. D., C. E. Williams, Gundulph Beerslee, W. A. Cleaver, Aleck S. Hill, I. E. Bree, Charles Petersen, G. W. Denny, R. M. Whitner, Dr. James Hewitt, J. White, D. W. Way, John R. Palmer, F. Denison, Gill Robinson and James Black.

A GLOVE FIGHT TO A FINISH.

A special to the POLICE GAZETTE from Dallas, Texas, on Jan. 25, says: The long talked-of glove fight between Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Tom Monahan, of Pittsburgh, was fought to a finish last night with three-ounce gloves before the Dallas Amateur Athletic Association for a purse of \$500, of which \$150 went to the loser. Mitchell weighed 123½ pounds and Monahan 124, and the former had the call in the betting. The men opened viciously on each other in the first round and both were considerably punished. In the second there was more hard hitting, though the men were a little wary. In the third round Monahan reached Mitchell's wind, and the latter was dazed when the round closed. Mitchell came up in good condition for the fourth round and had decidedly the best of it, though his opponent was by no means exhausted. The fifth round was also in the Philadelphia's favor. Monahan fought viciously in the sixth round, falling Mitchell to the floor several times, but failing to knock him out. In the seventh round Mitchell came up comparatively fresh, but Monahan sent him to the floor five times in succession, the fifth blow knocking him out. Monahan was then awarded the fight.

BILLY MYERS' CHALLENGE.

The following special was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Jan. 25.

Billy Myers, the Illinois Cyclone, has issued a challenge to fight any man in the world for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the light-weight championship of America. Myers' backer has sent the following to Richard K. Fox: I wish to ask you how Billy Myers can obtain the light-weight championship? I have had a forfeit of \$500 up for over two months to meet anybody in the world at 133 pounds for any reasonable amount, but no one sees fit to meet Billy Myers. Now, as you are the only person who has ever given a belt emblematic of the light-weight championship, please inform me how to proceed to have Myers recognized as the champion. When all the light-weights refuse to meet my man he certainly should be recognized as the champion. Please let me hear from you. Yours respectfully, LICK CHERRY.

THAT "ABINGTON" AFFAIR.

Regarding the flare-up between "Mr. Abington" and Charley Mitchell a correspondent writes from England as follows:

"It was like David and Goliath the other night at the Trocadero to see the Squire with his coat off to Charley Mitchell. But Mr. Abington had his minders with him.

"San Adams says, 'Thank yer kindly, gentlemen, one and all, but next time give it to the chap next door.'

"The cause of the row between Charley Mitchell and the Squire, it is asserted, was the flaunting of Smith's colors by a gentleman in the stalls at the Troc, just under the gallant Charley's nose; upon which the champion boxer turned to Mr. Abington and said: 'You've got this up for me. I'll put this cigar in your eye.'

"Then they adjourned to the bar and the row began. Coats were peeled off, the Squire's minders, Carney and Ballock, took their cue, and only the myrmidons of the law prevented a regular scrap."

JOE COURTNEY'S ACCEPTANCE.

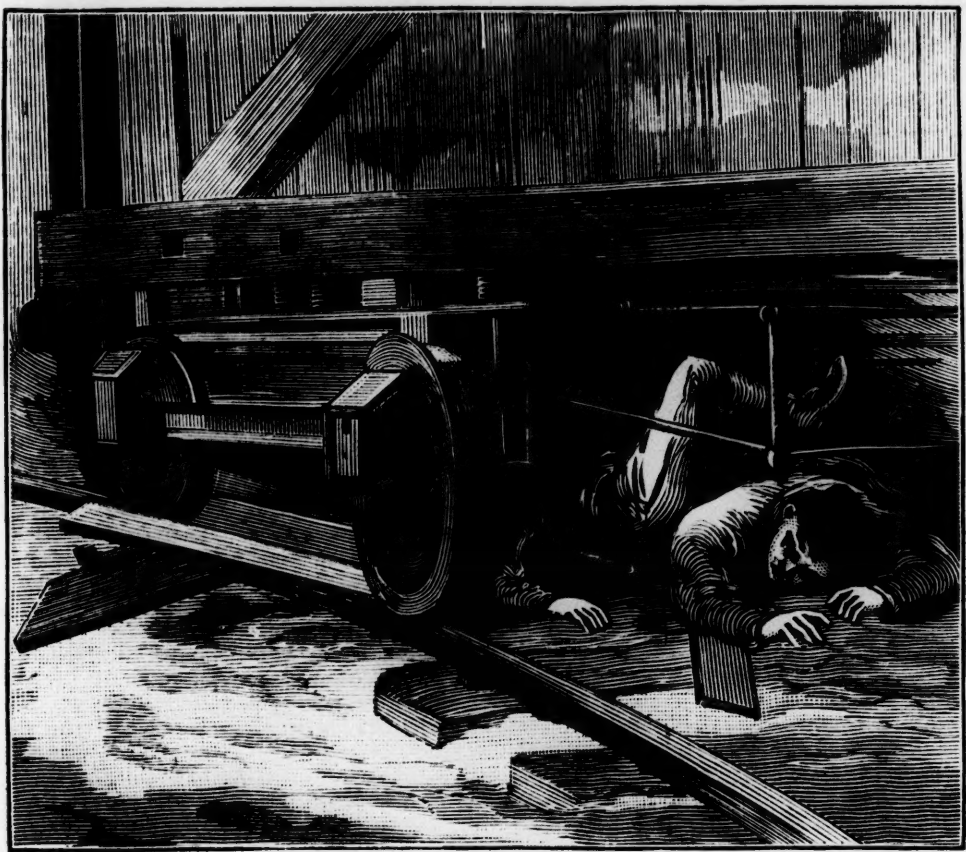
The following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently in reply to the challenge of A. W. McClelland to run any man in the world 10 miles for \$500 or \$1,000:

LANCOPR, England, Jan. 14, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Seeing in the Sporting Life of Jan. 11 a challenge from A. W. McClelland to run any man 10 miles, I, Joe Courtney of Portsmouth, England, falling to get a match at home, will journey across the pond to meet the same McClelland, providing he will make three matches, distances 1, 2 and 4 miles, winner of two events out of three to be declared the victor. Failing this, any other man in America can be accommodated on the same terms. I wish this to be put in your paper as it is bona fide, and any communications can be sent to J. R. Calloway & Sons, who have the New York POLICE GAZETTE at Portsmouth, Hants. By doing so you will oblige

JOE COURTNEY.

Southern Champion of England.



A FATAL COASTING ACCIDENT.

THREE HANCOCK, MICHIGAN, BOYS ARE RUN OVER BY A TRAIN WHICH KILLED TWO OF THEM, THE OTHER ESCAPING.



BRAVE SUSIE DANKS.

SHE SAVES VALUABLE PROPERTY DURING A SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FIRE AND THEN BARELY ESCAPES WITH HER LIFE.



HE KILLED A WILDCAT.

AL DOUGHERTY, THE CHAMPION STAGE-DRIVER OF WYOMING, CLUBS THE ANIMAL TO DEATH WITH HIS WOODEN LEG.



HANGED IN EFFIGY.

REV. A. S. ORNE, A NEW BRAND OF RELIGIONIST, PERTURBS WENTWORTH, N. H., CHRISTIANS AND IS DISHED UP WITH HEMP SAUCE.



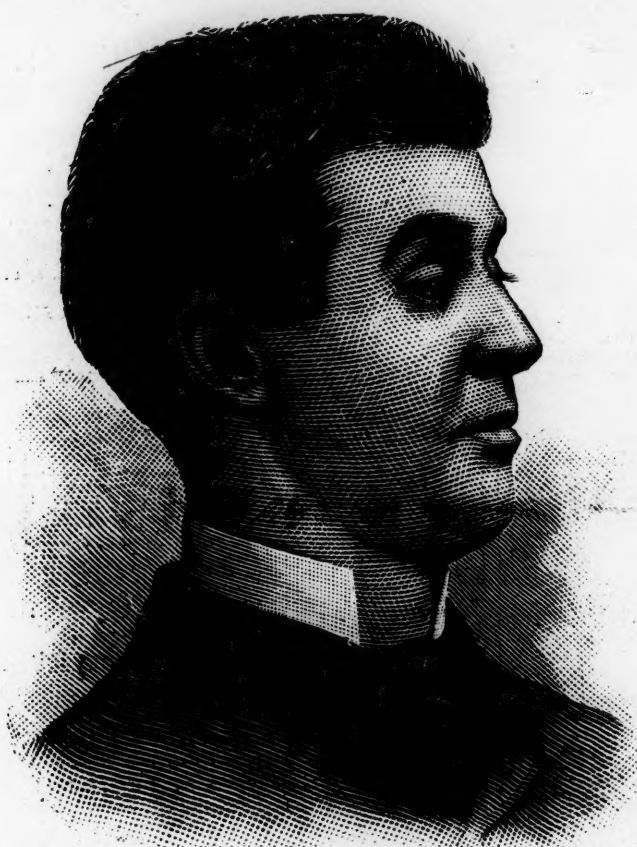
THE DEACON'S IRE WAS UP.

MRS. CHARLES ALBROW, ANGERS JOHN MONTROSS, WHO KNOCKS HER OUT WITH A CHAIR IN PRETTY LITTLE WOODBURY, L. I.



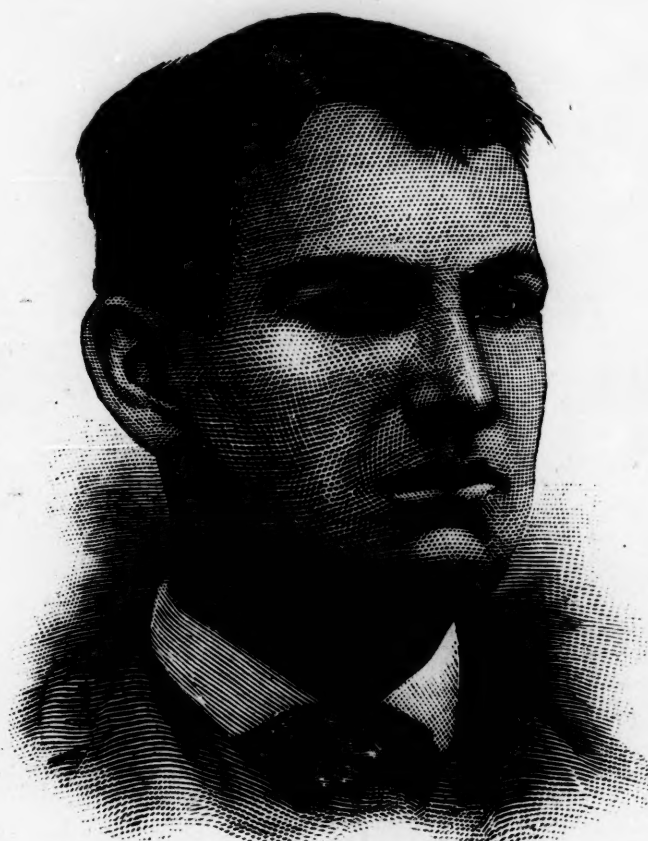
A "COPPER" TRUST.

ALICE CARPENTER, OF SEATTLE, WASH., BURGLES THE TOWN AND THEN PROM-KNADES THE STREETS IN POLICE UNIFORM.



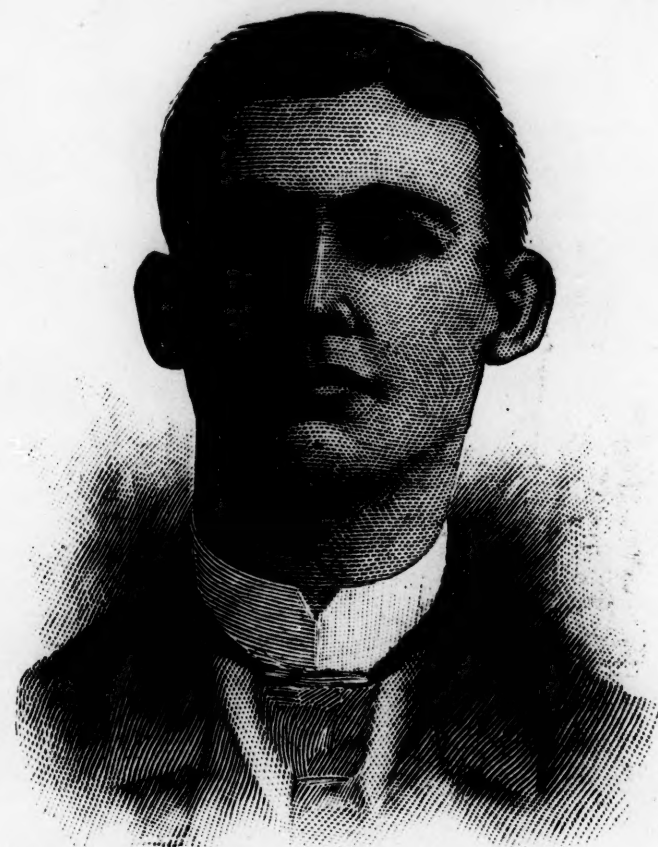
HE CAN SWING CLUBS.

J. F. HALEY, WHOSE STAGE NAME IS J. F. BURKE, NOW TRAVELING WITH THE SPARKS BROTHERS' COMBINATION.



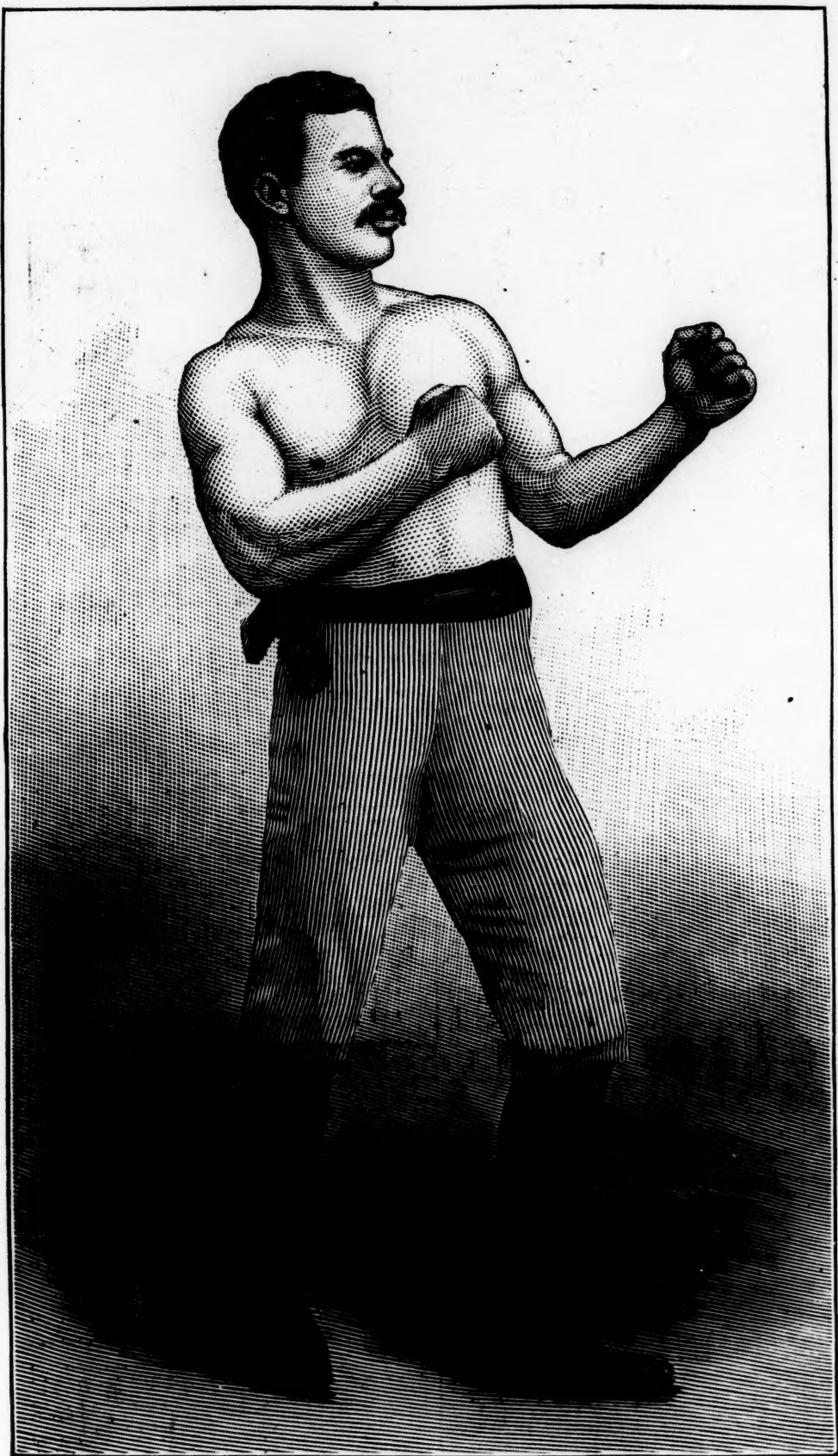
A DASHING SPRINTER.

JAMES C. LEWIS, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., ATHLETIC CLUB, WHO IS THE FASTEST RUNNER IN THAT SECTION.



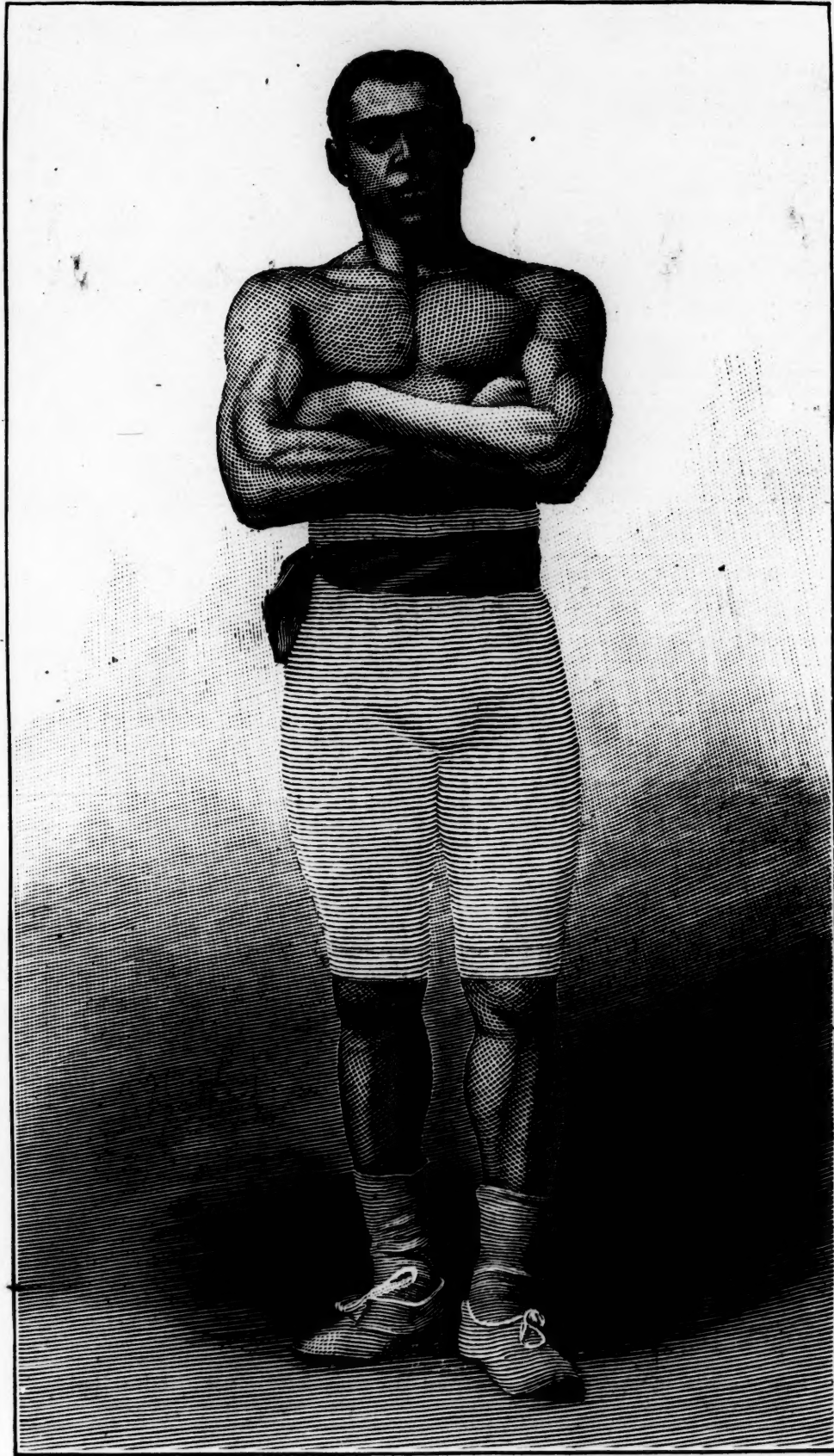
SWINGER BEN MOWATT.

WHO IS WELL-KNOWN IN ATHLETIC CIRCLES AS A CLEVER MANIPULATOR OF INDIAN CLUBS.



A PUGILISTIC AUSTRALIAN.

BILLY MCCARTHY, THE FAMOUS MIDDLE-WEIGHT, WHO IS BOOKED TO MEET JACK DEMPSEY DURING THIS MONTH.

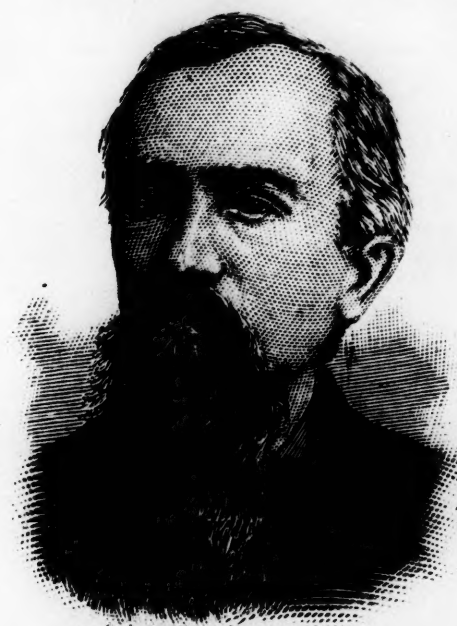


A LIVELY COLORED BOXER.

ALBERT PEARCE, THE BRAWNY MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST, WHO IS GAINING FAME IN ENGLAND WITH HIS DUKES.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

Dr. Nathaniel B. Reber, Well Known
Throughout Pennsylvania.



Dr. Nathaniel B. Reber, whose portrait appears above, is the oldest resident physician and surgeon in Lehigh and Carbon counties, Pa. He is a native of Berks county, and was born on Nov. 15, 1833. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city with high honors. Since May 10, 1884, he has been confined to the house by paralysis of the lower extremities. Among old soldiers he is called "The Soldiers' Friend," having been United States Examining Surgeon from 1869 until compelled to resign in 1884. Probably no man in that section is more esteemed and respected by everybody. He is also one of the oldest Old Fellows thereabouts.

HANGED IN EFFIGY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Rev. A. S. Orne, a self-constituted "Holiness missionary," who has been laboring at Wentworth, N. H., was recently forced to leave the town by a gang of hoodlums. As he was leaving town he saw swinging from the sign post of a hotel a tattered effigy of himself, on which was a large card inscribed, "Beware of this place."

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

HEARING PERFECTLY RESTORED
By Beck's Ear Invisibly Tubular Ear Cushions. Illustrated book FREE. Call or write F. HISCOX, 363 E'way, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous Ills.

PERSONAL.

MARRIED LADIES or those contemplating marriage, send 10c. for postage, etc., one Sample Package of Hart's Celebrated P.P., particulars regarding a "Blossom to Woman," and information important to every lady. UNION SPECIALTY CO., New Haven, Conn.

GAME FOWLS.

Game Fowls for Sale at \$10 per trio. Remit by P. O. money order. Correspondence solicited.
N. W. HOFFER, De Kalb, Kemper Co., Miss.

Every Saloon, Club or Barber Shop
SHOULD HAVE ONE OF OUR

ELEGANT

Nickel-Plated Files

Will Hold Thirteen Numbers of any Paper.
All Sizes.

Mailed to any address for 35 cents. In ordering, give size of the paper.

Address all orders, with cash, to
RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

SOMETHING NEW!

A NICE BOX CONTAINING A HANDSOME
PACK OF PLAYING CARDS
—AND—

100 ASSORTED POKER CHIPS,

Which can be conveniently carried in the pocket. No Commercial Traveler, Railroad or Steamboat Attache should be without a pack of these Cards, as they will pass away many hours that would otherwise be tedious. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York City.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBERS AND COPALBA is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

BROU'S INJECTION
A PERMANENT CURE
of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhea and Gleet, guaranteed in from 3 to 6 days; no other treatment required, and without the disagreeable results of dosing with Cubers, Copalba and other nauseating remedies. Sold by all druggists. J. Ferre, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhea and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
PRICE, \$1.00.
Sold by Druggists.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Beecham's Pills
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box"—but sold for 25 cents.
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SANTAL-MIDY
In 48 hours Gonorrhea and all charges from the urinary organs are arrested by Santal-Midy Capsules without inconvenience. Price \$1.00 OF ALL DRUGGISTS or P. O. BOX 2081, New York.

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE, and can be cured, and is cured, by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. If desired, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for free circulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 155 Race St., Cincinnati, O.**

WEAK MEN suffering from Lost Manhood, Youthful Errors, Spermatorrhea, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, and all Private Diseases, should read my 64p. Book and learn how to cure themselves quickly and forever. 50 years experience. Book Free. **Dr. D. H. Lowe, Winsted, Conn.**

DONATON'S PILLS
SAFE, PROMPT AND EFFECTUAL. The original and only genuine. Full instructions and sealed bottles. 50c. per box. Sent direct from observation and warranted satisfactory for \$1. **ACTON MED. CO., Boston, Mass.**

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured in seven days by using Donat's Sandalwood Capsules. Avoid imitations; buy Donat's Sandalwood; it is genuine. Price, \$1.50. All druggists.

FREE TRIAL. Particulars enlarged, abuse, Emissions, Varicocele, etc., cured (2c. stamp). **ACTON MED. CO., Wash., D. C.**

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box; 3 for \$5, postpaid. **N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.**

TOILET ARTICLES.

FREE. SUPERB FORM. LOVELY COMPLEXION. PERFECT HEALTH.
These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air-pumps, lozenges, etc., offered for development, I will tell you for FREE what I used to secure these changes. **HEALTH** (cure of that tired feeling and all private diseases), **SUPERB FORM**, Brilliant EYES, and perfectly pure COMPLEXION assured. Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising fronts. Name this paper, and address: **Miss Rosa M. Lutz, Box 554, Stratton, Cal.**

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superficial Hair, Birtmartha, Itch, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Vitis, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10c. for 128-page book on all skin and scalp troubles, and your treatment. **JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42nd Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

ELECTRIC HAIR GROWER will very quickly force a heavy moustache or full beard and hair on bald spots. To convince you of its wonderful merits and that this is no humbug I will send you a box FREE for 10c. to pay postage, etc. It never fails and is guaranteed to do as I say. Regular size 50c. each or 3 for \$1. **W. S. SIMPSON, Box 2574 New York.**

JOHN HILLARD writes from Chicago, Ind., Nov. 28.—Dyke's Hair Elixir has produced a heavy moustache and beard. I have used it for 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

CHAPS Read This. Something splendid for chaps. Chaps should buy it for ladies; ladies should use it for chaps. For information send 10c. to Rosalpie, 458 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Agents wanted.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box; 3 for \$5. **N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.**

DEVIL ANSE; or, The Hatfield-McCoy Outlaws.

A Full and Complete History of the Deadly Feud Existing Between the Hatfield and McCoy Clans. Handsomely Illustrated.

Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of price. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY
and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewellery by sample only; can live at home. We furnish from First. Full particulars and sample case free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, **Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.**

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Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. **Granada Detective Bureau Co., 14 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.**

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.

Our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars, address at once, **Central Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.**

\$125.00 PER MONTH. Agents (lady or gentleman) can make this, and more, selling **LADIES' EMBROIDERED ROBES**. Address now, **A. H. AGNEW, Alexandria, Va.**

\$60 SALARY \$40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE also, each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Card. Address, with stamp, **HAFFER & CO., Piqua, O.**

HANDY BUTTONS. Self-binding. No stitching. Full set for pants (suspenders and front) mailed for 10c. Agents wanted. **Handy Button Co., Cleveland, O.**

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 30 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample mailed. Address **A. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.**

Reliable Men Wanted to Represent Old Established N. Y. House. \$2,000 yearly. Send references and stamp. **STAR CLOTHING CO., 229 Park Row, N. Y. City.**

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm (large profits, quick sales, **SAMPLE FREE**). A rare opportunity. **Geo. A. Scott, 845 Broadway, N. Y.**

Diseases of men & women. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. K. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
One dozen **GEMS FROM LIFE**—full collection, 12 rich, rare pictures. All full length. Charming scenes of feminine loveliness. Ours the BEST photos ever offered. Boys all cry over them! You'll WANT MORE when you see them. "How can I get them?" Every feature plain as life. You'll be very sorry if you miss them. Don't delay, secure something all new which others have not got. A full dozen, (12 pictures) all different. Full cabinet size card, sent secure, postpaid, for 25c. silver. No free samples. Catalog 4c. Address, **Art Photo Co., Ltd., Augusta, Maine.** (To mention this paper in order to get a crisp sample (2 and 1 greenback, new), a coupon worth alone 50c. also our illustrated catalog. All for 25c. 10c. We are important.)

MY FULL LENGTH Cabinet Photo. Nature's beauty revealed. Every feature plain as life. 1 dozen photos, beautiful girls, (full length) and circular telling where to get rare books, photos and cards. All secure, postpaid, for 25c. silver. **Miss Flossy Lee, 21 Chestnut St., Augusta, Maine.** No postal cards answered. No free samples.

20 Rich Photos, for gents, full length, no two alike. You can see all you want to, 10c.; 60 for 25c. 50 Mounted Cabinet Photos, rich and rare, 25c. 14 Most Comically Illustrated Pictures of a newly married couple, in order to get a crisp sample (2 and 1 greenback, new), a coupon worth alone 50c. also our illustrated catalog. All for 25c. 10c. We are important.

Get the Set of Four Pretty French Girls, highly colored, and in interesting positions, 10c. per set; three sets, 25c.; no two alike. Stamps taken. 14 SPIRITED pictures, exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of antics. "Before and After Marriage," 10c.; 3 for 25c. Box 100, No. 34 Church St., N. Y.

Photos of every description; sure to please; sample, 10c. Catalogue agents' supplies free. Address **W. SKELLINGTON, 170 Randolph St., Detroit, Mich.**

Gents, do you want female photos from nature? We have them, full length. Art to the rescue. Doz., 10c.; 5 doz., 25c., sealed. **HINSHUR CO., Palatine, Ill.**

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. **N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.**

PHOTOS, Books, Cards, &c. Sealed catalogue just out (2c. stamp). **THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.**

12 Fine Female Photos. Sure to suit, with rubber sample, 10c.; 3 for 25c. P. O. Box 2,574, N. Y.

16 Rich Photos, for Gents. Sealed. Sure to suit, 10c.; 53 for 25c. **NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.**

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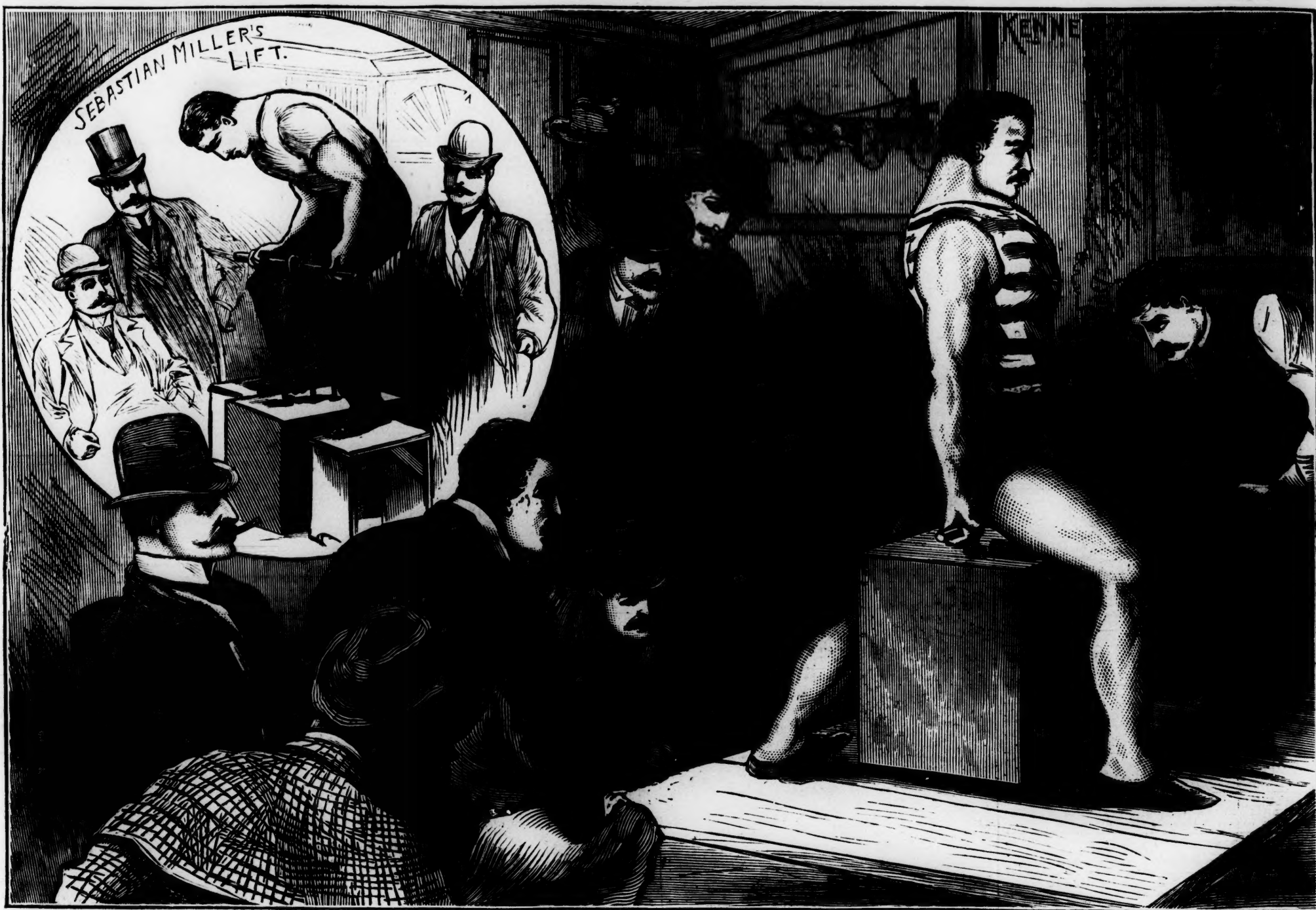
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